

The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND!

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

GOD'S WAYS

A Christmas Story Founded on Fact.

(WRITTEN FOR CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.)

It is Christmas eve in the gay French capital; crowds of people regardless of the cold and the snow which has fallen during the day, edge their passage through the thoroughfares in their eagerness to approach the brilliantly lighted windows of the stores or to catch a glimpse of the booths, erected during this season on the outer part of the wide sidewalks.

No wonder every one is hurrying, there is still so much to see and do before the midnight mass; the crib with all its belongings has to be bought and put in place, the Christmas tree brought home and laden with the gifts which the Infant Jesus never fails to bring good children; the last details of the reveillon have to be seen to, for Christmas would not be Christmas without this domestic feast which unites around the hearth, the various members of the family, who have perhaps been separated during the year. It is well to have to think of others during this festive season, for leaving aside the purer spiritual joys, the peace and love which the birth of the Christ Child cannot fail to bring into our hearts, how often can we truly say we have passed a "Merry Christmas?" For this of all other days in the year, is one of retrospection, of souvenirs and of loneliness; sometimes a familiar face is missing or a place empty in our family circle or may be old longings and regrets which we thought stifled, come back to us now to add to our sadness. Are these or kindred reflections passing through the mind of a young man who, from the window of his room in one of the large hotels of the metropolis, is looking down upon the moving stream of humanity below him? Certain it is that his thoughts cannot be very cheerful nor bright, if we judge by the expression of his face which is sad in the extreme and which tells more plainly than words a tale of some deep sorrow, long endured; his dark eyes, though fixed upon the scene beneath him, seem to be gazing upon it without seeing it.

In truth, Robert Grayson's mind is very far just now from the Boulevard des Italiens and instead of the lights, shops, booths and vehicles, he sees before him a Louisiana plantation, in all its southern beauty of vegetation, just as it lay in the moonlight on that evening just four years ago to-night, when he saw it for the last time and bade a last farewell to Alice and, with her, to his hopes, his plans and his dreams. It seemed hard to him then to realize that this was to be the end of it all and that at the very threshold of his "palace-beautiful," he was to see it vanish forever.

When, three years before, young Dr. Grayson came to settle in the Louisiana town and presented his letter of introduction to Alfred Wilbury, the owner of a large cotton plantation in the neighborhood, he received a welcome which made him understand how southern hospitality won its reputation. Mr. Wilbury liked the young physician for his industry and uprightness, Mrs. Wilbury, who had always longed for a son, for his kind attention to her on every occasion, while Alice, their only child, just returned from a Washington Seminary, found him a delightful companion; like herself he was a lover of music and of literature, he had travelled much, had studied more and she soon discovered in him a fund of knowledge as deep as it varied. Having been away at school for some years, she had but few friends at home

and a little common with her.

Delighted to find some one with whom she could interchange thoughts on subjects that interested her and from whom she could learn much, soon found herself looking forward to his visits. Many delightful hours the two spent together reading their favorite authors, in the long, cool drawing-room or wandering through the plantation, whose appearance and workings delighted Robert Grayson, unaccustomed to country life and more especially to country life in the south.

Alice Wilbury, as heroine of this tale, deserves some words of description and some may be disappointed to learn that, unlike most heroines, she was not beautiful, as the term is generally understood; but if her features lacked that classical regularity, without which we could not apply to her that adjective, if her nose were not aquiline enough, her mouth too large, hers was a face which improved upon closer observation and grew more and more lovely the oftener one saw it. So at least thought Robert Grayson, and it began to picture itself to him at the most untimely hours and in the most unlikely places; he could see it before him in the darkness as he drove at night on some call through the woods or along country roads; it rose up from behind some huge medical work, as he read in his study or gazed at him from some frame in a remote part of the room. The interval between each visit to the plantation seemed longer to him every time and finally he awoke to the fact that Alice Wilbury was the one woman who could make his life happy; he resolved to learn as soon as possible if she regarded him as anything more than a friend. He knew that as far as her parents were concerned he had nothing to fear, for Mrs. Wilbury already looked upon him as a son, and Mr. Wilbury watched with a fatherly interest over him and rejoiced to see him grow daily more respected and sought after in the neighborhood.

The opportunity he was seeking came to him one calm Autumn Sunday afternoon as they were sitting in a favorite spot of theirs in grounds. They were alone, Mr. Wilbury being absent visiting an invalid friend and his wife having returned to her room to enjoy the siesta so dear to Southern hearts. Never mind in what words Robert told the oft repeated tale, ever new to those who are listening, nor by what short yet satisfactory monosyllable Alice answered. If his face, as he left the plantation that evening, was a reflection of his soul, how radiant and blessed the latter must have been!

The rejoicings of the old couple over the event were almost as great and far more demonstrative than the younger; in the evenings as they sat on the veranda, watching the two figures walking among the trees in the olive grove near the house, they looked back over some twenty-five years to the happy days which had preceded their own marriage and never were more earnest prayers uttered than those which ascended from those two loving hearts for the peace and happiness of their children. Dr. Grayson had been now more than two years in Louisiana and was highly re-

1895

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DECEMBER

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THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Church Calendar.

for 1895

With Compliments of the Season.

TABLE OF MOVABLE FEASTS AND FASTS.

Septuagesima Sunday . . . Feb. 10

Sexagesima Sunday . . . Feb. 17

Quinquagesima Sunday . . . Feb. 24

Shrove Tuesday . . . Feb. 26

Ash Wednesday . . . Feb. 27

Quadragesima Sunday . . . March 3

Mid-Lent Sunday . . . March 24

Palm Sunday . . . April 7

Good Friday . . . April 12

Easter Sunday . . . April 14

Low Sunday . . . April 21

Ascension Day . . . May 23

Whit-Sunday . . . June 2

Trinity Sunday . . . June 9

Corpus Christi . . . June 13

First Sunday in Advent . . Dec. 1

EMBER DAYS, 1895.

March 6, 8, 9.

June 5, 7, 8.

September 18, 20, 21.

December 18, 20, 21.

spected by everyone and especially beloved by the poor to whom he often proved "a friend in need." He had an excellent practice and, although he had put aside a snug little sum of money, he did not feel justified in asking Alice, brought up in affluence to leave her luxurious home for his humble one; being too proud to accept the well meant offers of Mr. Wilbury who would have bought and furnished for them the best house in the town, it was decided to defer the wedding for some time.

Anxious as Robert was to shorten the time of their engagement, there was another reason besides the financial one, which had prompted him to delay his marriage: he was a devout Catholic, with whom religion was not merely a Sunday affair, donned one day in the week and left off the other six, but a part of his everyday life and the motive power of all his actions. The only shadow upon his happiness was the thought that the one nearest and dearest to him would not have the same consolations as himself, that their best and purest joys would not be shared in common and that they would never kneel before the same altar nor breathe forth the same prayer. The Wilburys were Methodists but did not often occupy the family pew, especially since the arrival of a minister whose zeal might have been great but whose eloquence was certainly far from being so. As a result of a deep and thoughtful nature, Alice loved and revered religion and Robert felt that hers was a soul well fitted to receive the light of truth, and to

reflect it in all its beauty.

For her sake and for his, he resolved to break, before their marriage, this one barrier between them, in such a way however, that he would be the means rather than the cause of her conversion.

They had sometimes touched casually upon the subject and Alice had often expressed a wish to know more of the Catholic faith; he had contented himself by explaining to her briefly some of its doctrines but on the next occasion, he said to himself, he would lend her works upon the subject. He did so. First through curiosity and then through interest, she read on and on, lost in admiration of the beauty of that religion which has come forth unchanged from centuries of persecution and which alone satisfies heart, mind and soul. Long before she would admit it, even to herself, she was at heart a Catholic, as sooner than Robert hoped, she asked him to take her to the parish priest for instructions. Having obtained her parents' consent, no very difficult task, for the Wilburys were a kind of people who believe one religion as good as another and do not trouble themselves much about any, a very earnest neophyte placed herself under Father Gardner's instructions and made such rapid progress, that she soon received the Sacrament of Baptism. Two happier hearts than hers and Robert's, as they knelt some time later, at the Sanctuary-rail together to receive Holy Communion, would have been impossible to find. Together now they attended Mass on Sunday and approached the Divine Banquet

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

CYRILLE LAVIGNE, IN THE ROSARY.

When the children sleep on Christmas night,
In Heaven is seen a lovely light,
And when they wake on Christmas morn
They find their infant God is born
All glory to Emmanuel!
Swing bell! Ring bell!
Noel! Noel!

While the children sleep on Christmas night,
Their dreams are blessed with visions bright,
And when they wake on Christmas day
God's Gifts await them, and they say
All glory to Emmanuel!
Swing bell! Ring bell!
Noel! Noel!

When the children sleep on Christmas night,
The angels sing in Heaven bright,
And on the lovely Christmas morn
The children's carol is upborne
All glory to Emmanuel!
Swing bell! Ring bell!
Noel! Noel!

as possible of his holiday? It seemed to him that lately Alice had been more thoughtful and serious than usual and had appeared to wish to say something to him, but had avoided every opportunity of doing so. To-night he would ask her about it and insist upon knowing what was troubling her. He met Mr. and Mrs. Wilbury at the door waiting for the carriage to take them to a friend's house, where they were to spend the evening. They chatted a few moments, then Robert went to the drawing room.

He found Alice there as he had expected; the lights were not yet lit and although early, it was nearly dark. If it had not been, Robert would have noticed that Alice's face was as white as the dress she wore and that there was something unusual in her manner. She managed to steady her voice and to talk to him a few moments in a nervous, excited sort of way, and then stopping herself in the middle of a sentence said, "There is no use in waiting any longer, Robert I must tell you and yet how can I?"

"Why Alice, what is the matter, what has happened, are you ill? I met your father and mother, who seemed to know nothing of this—what does it mean?"

"I will tell you, I must tell you, yet I know it will break your heart. If you only knew Robert how I have prayed for strength for this hour, strength for you and for me, for you that you may bear the cross God is sending you with resignation, and for me that I may not be moved by your words. I can never be your wife, for I feel that I am called to serve God elsewhere; I am going to be a Sister of Charity."

All this was uttered in one breath and then Alice in spite of her resolutions of self-control,

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ROME.

Monsignor Satolli gives a Detailed Description.

CAREFULLY CONDUCTED.

His Excellency's Able Article in the North American Review.

The current number of the North American Review contains a very thoughtful and careful article on the Catholic school system in Rome by the Apostolic Delegate. From so authoritative a source, the American public will learn how thoroughly at heart Christian education is to Leo XIII and his faithful flock. Elementary, Technical and High Schools have all been provided. The program and standard of studies in these very prudently conforms as much as possible to that of the State schools. Of course every care is taken in the words of the Holy Father that "The judgment of Solomon should in no way be repeated, so that by a cruel and unreasonable stroke, the intellect of a child should be severed from its will. While we undertake to cultivate the first, it is necessary to lead the second into acquiring virtuous habits, thus preparing it for its final end." Both in the intellectual and moral education every effort is made to continue true national traditions, and to guard while using methods of instruction against injecting a foreign element into patriotism. Even for those who attend the State Municipal Schools in the Holy Father's zeal has provided Catechetical schools, whence the Bread of Life may be dispensed to children and youths deprived of it under the plea of divorcing religious from secular teaching.

From the economic standpoint Mgr. Satolli says: "It is significant to note that while the Municipality, which controls a much smaller number of schools than the Catholics, spends the immense sum of 47,000 lire on the personnel of the School Board, the Catholics spend only 3,000 lire in the same manner. This difference is due to the economical arrangement of the working staff employed by the Pontifical Commission, which is composed only of a cashier, book keeper, stock-keeper and custodian. On the other hand the Municipality maintains an extraordinary number of employees in accordance with the usual bureaucratic mania of the Italian Government." The 256 elementary schools with their 24,585 pupils and the 18 high schools having 3,132 scholars necessitate a yearly outlay of about 1,500,000 lire supplied by Catholic beneficence—the Holy Father and the leading Roman families being the largest benefactors.

Mgr. Satolli, as an experienced teacher trained in the precise scholastic methods, sums up concisely his instructive and interesting article as follows:

1. Pre-eminent among the many benefits which the Holy Father has, with sovereign munificence, conferred upon the city of Rome is the education and instruction of youth, to which end, notwithstanding the financial stringency of the Holy See, he spends annually upwards of 1,000,000 lire.

2. In this good work he is wisely assisted by the Cardinal Vicar; by the Pontifical Commission; by the religious corporations and associations; by the Directive Council, as well as by the clergy and the Catholic laity.

3. As a result of the unflinching zeal and unremitting solicitude of each and all of these, it has become possible to promote and diffuse not only primary, classical, technical, and normal instruction, but to fully provide for the educational requirement of every class of people.

4. The result of such generous efforts will be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that, after the occupation of Rome, the edifice of Catholic instruction and education had to be entirely rebuilt—even from the foundation—under the eye of a strong and suspicious adversary, who was disposed and anxious to obstruct the work in every possible way, and even to prevent it.

The supreme end of these institutions, which is religious and moral education, has not been neglected in the regulations, programs, books, or methods of teaching; and it has been their special aim to deviate as little as possible from the national traditions which so harmoniously combine faith

and science, and to furnish the boys and girls of the new generation with that grade of culture which is best adapted to their social position.

That the Roman people appreciate the beneficent efforts of the Holy Father and the work of all those who, with sentiments of profound admiration and reverence, assist him, is demonstrated by the ever-increasing number of pupils who flock to the Catholic schools.

F. SATOLLI.

God's Ways.

(Continued from first page.)

told of Mr. Wilbury's declining health; finally one black-edged one arrived, telling of the death of the kindly old planter. Mrs. Wilbury wrote once more from Indiana, where she was living with some relatives, having disposed of the plantation and visited Alice in St. Louis where she had been sent. Since then, nothing.

Robert stands sometime longer by the window wondering where Alice is this Christmas eve and if she remembers what anniversary it is. Then putting on hat and coat, he goes out into the bright streets and mingles with the crowd walking on and on, ignorant of his destination and regardless of his surroundings. Half an hour later a young man lies between life and death in one of the wards of G—

Hospital, having been run over by a pair of horses which had taken fright at some unexpected noise. To and fro through the aisles, move the white bonneted daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, bringing relief and consolation to the sufferers on the beds around them. To one of the Sisters is given the charge of the latest arrival; she bends over him to arrange his pillows but starts back with an exclamation of surprise as she gazes upon the features before her, thinner, paler, but otherwise unaltered. For weeks the patient battles with death which often seems about to gain the victory, while all through the long nights and weary days the Sister of Charity watches and prays, watches every change in the sufferer's condition, prays, oh how fervently, that if he is to die, he may at least have some moments of consciousness to prepare for the last journey, prays too, in her heart of hearts, that he may recognize her for an instant before his death. At last, one day he opens his eyes and looks around him, until he sees the figure at his bed-side, when he stretches out a feeble hand to make sure it is really she. "Alice, Alice, he cries, thank God this too is not a dream, and that I have reached you at last; I have been trying to grasp the hand you were extending to me and to cross the torrent that rushed between us; thank God I am safe." And he closed his eyes and fell into a deep natural sleep, the first since the day of his accident. Yes, Robert is right. He has reached the hand Alice put forth to help him across the current that separated them. No prayer is ever lost, we are told, and the many that have ascended for Robert during the last four years have not been uttered in vain. Alice is about to see accomplished the dearest wish of her heart, that he might share her happiness by consecrating himself to God, by becoming a priest. During the slow convalescence, how much each had to hear and to tell, how both rejoiced at his recovery, and with what grateful hearts they thanked Him who had brought him back from the very edge of the grave, that he might live henceforth for Him alone.

Some times in one of the obscure dwellings of the poor of the great French city, a Marist Father and a Sister of Charity meet at a death bed, and while Robert, for it is he, prepares the departing soul to meet its Maker, Alice, or Sister Agnes, as she is now called, comforts the weeping husband, wife or mother with the words which she has learned to understand so well: "God's ways are always best."

N. O. T.

The Catholic Knights of America.

The Catholic Knights of America is an association which seems to be little known by the Catholics of the Pacific Slope, particularly in California, for out of a population which is nearly one-third in the State, there is only a membership of 430. Nevertheless, it is a national organization, founded in 1877 by Bishop Feehan of Chicago, and chartered by the State of Kentucky. It has at the present time a membership of 25,000, scattered over the entire United States, and invites the careful consideration of every Catholic, of its objects, its achievements, and its claims on those who desire to protect their loved ones against want through the medium of life insurance.

It is now in the eighteenth year of existence, and has been successful since its inception as is evidenced by the fact that it has already paid over \$5,000,000 to the beneficiaries of deceased members, and is to-day the most prominent of Roman Catholic Life Insurance Societies, and is second to none of the fraternal associations, making life insurance a feature.

It unites fraternally all acceptable male Catholics, between the ages of 18 and 50 years, regardless of color, nationality, location of residence, profession or occupation, and aims to give all possible material aid to its members, to hold instructive and entertaining meetings, and to maintain a fund from which a sum not to exceed \$2,000 shall be paid after the death of a member, to whoever he may have designated as his beneficiary or beneficiaries.

It has received the approval of the majority of the American Hierarchy, many of whom are active members.

It is thoroughly Catholic, and thoroughly American, non-restrictive in its territory, and democratic in its government. It furnishes insurance on the plan of graded assessments, according to age, at the following rates as low, if not lower than any similar organization of financial stability:

TABLE OF RATES.

Between the ages of 18 and 25, \$0.70; 25 and 30, \$0.75; 30 and 34, \$0.80; 35 and 40, \$0.90; 40 and 45, \$1.00; 45 and 46, \$1.05; 46 and 47, \$1.10; 47 and 48, \$1.15; 48 and 49, \$1.20; 49 and 50, \$1.25.

The above is on full rate \$2,000, but benefit certificates are also issued for \$1,000 or \$500 as the applicant may desire, which would reduce the above rates to one-half or one-quarter, as the case might be.

During the past twelve years the assessments have averaged about thirty-two (32) per cent, added to which exclusive of the branch dues which are regulated by the branches is about two dollars per year for general expenses.

As the Catholic Knights of America embraces all the essentials of a good, useful society, it should, therefore, receive the active support of all qualified Catholics where already established, and in localities where not established, it would be to the interest of congregations to take steps to establish a branch.

Its membership includes Catholics of every known profession or occupation, and over 700 of the reverend clergy.

It possesses that necessary safeguard of insurance—a thoroughly protected, safely invested Reserve or Sinking Fund. This fund has been created by setting aside 5 per cent. of assessments, and amounts at present to over \$40,000. This sum is increased each month by about \$3,000.

This sinking fund is a positive assurance against calamity or extraordinary demands upon it members, and secures to the Catholic Knights of America a position of financial stability enjoyed by very few fraternal organizations.

The membership in California as before stated is 430 distributed among the following branches:

San Francisco.—Branch 197, 40; 316, 12; 326, 12; 333, 16; 345, 15; 437, 33.
North Temescal.—297, 71.
Los Angeles.—307, 18.
Sacramento.—422, 50.
Oakland.—585, 35; 504, 65; 702, 17.
San Jose.—619, 6.
San Diego.—651, 17.

All of these are what is called a State Council, formed of representatives elected from each branch according to its membership; those having less than fifty being entitled to one representative and those having fifty or more being entitled to two representatives.

These representatives meet in convention biennially and adopt such reforms or measures as they deem for the best interests of the order, and

elect the Supreme Representative or Representatives to the Supreme Council, which also convenes biennially.

The Seventh biennial Convention of the California State Council of the Catholic Knights of America has just concluded its labors, having been in session at Sacramento Nov. 23d and 24th, 1895, and the following brothers were elected officers for the term ending November, 1896: President, P. J. Brophy, Branch 297, 210 "B" street, Oakland; vice-president, P. J. Carr, Branch 326, 2802 Howard street, San Francisco; Secretary, A. J. McMahon, Branch 437, Room 218, Phelan Building, San Francisco; treasurer, Henry Weber, Branch 297, North Temescal; Supreme Representative, Wm. F. Gormley, Branch 422, Sacramento; alternate, Michael Hughes, Branch 422, Sacramento; prospective delegate, Major Henry Sweeney, Branch 651 San Diego; alternate, J. T. Cosgrove, Branch 345, San Francisco.

Any of whom will be only too glad to cheerfully impart any information concerning the detailed workings of the order to any person seeking admission to it.

As it is a duty incumbent on all who have loved ones dependent on them to provide for their future, in event of their protector being removed by death, no association offers better inducements to the Catholic or has more genuine claims upon his active support in this direction than the Catholic Knights of America.

As it is a thoroughly co-operative Catholic Insurance Society, and does not pay any commission to any one to solicit membership, it stands almost alone in this feature among Fraternal Insurance Societies.

Therefore, the Catholics of California are requested to ascertain whether a branch already exists in their parish; if so, apply to it for further information. If there is no branch in their parish, then apply to any of the State officers above mentioned, who will cheerfully furnish information how to organize a branch or become a member.

The Coming Holidays.

Now is the time when the careful housewife begins to make her preparations for the approaching holidays. Naturally after laying out her plans, she begins to look around to see what she wants, and at the same time to consider the cheapest place where to obtain the best goods. Consequently she directs her steps to the store of Sarboro & Co., 531 Washington street, where can always be found the choicest assortment of holiday goods.

Nuts of all kinds, candied peels and fruits, Smyrna figs, olives and all kinds of dainties. Then there is extra mince-meat, choice tinned plum puddings, and other labor-saving goods. Of candles also they have a storeful, both of pure beeswax and of the kind to delight the children while on the tree. The only way to find out what they have that you may need is to pay them a visit and see for yourself.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by \$1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 17x14 inches. Taken from any photograph or tint-type, and

Three Month's Subscription

to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

She Didn't Guess.

Like many other things, an alarm clock is a good thing when confined to its own sphere. But a young man who lives in Tioga had an experience with one the other day which, to say the least, was embarrassing. Being a heavy sleeper, it was not uncommon for him to miss his train to the city in the morning, so he resolved to invest in an alarm clock. One experience with it was enough, and that occurred while he was taking his purchase home. Walking through the train, he chanced to see a certain young lady sitting in a seat, the other half of which was unoccupied. The young man knew the young lady—in fact, he is said to have had entertained serious hopes before the alarm got in its little work. He sat down beside her, with his package in his lap, and smiled his sweetest. She asked him what he was taking home, and he playfully bid her guess. "Candy? Cigars? Neckties?" No, it was none of these. Just as she was about to venture a fourth guess there was a muffled sound from the interior of the package and then a loud clang that resounded weirdly through the car. The young man blushed, the young lady giggled, and the passengers roared. It seemed as though the thing would never stop, and it didn't until the disgusted youth hurled it to the other end of the car.—Philadelphia Record.

OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

HOW DINNER WAS SERVED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Boar's Head, With Rosemary, Brought In to the Music of Trumpets—Roasted Peacock the Pride of the Feast—Barbarous Appetites of Brave Knights and Fair Ladies.

It was a gay scene—that great hall, where the yule log was blazing in the immense fireplace, big enough for two whole oxen to be roasted therein; the high rafters festooned with branches of holly, holme, laurel and ivy; the wide portal crowned with mistletoe, and the table, which was literally a board of boards, all of oak and polished till they shone, stretching the whole length of the room, 160 feet.

Twelve o'clock has just struck, and the household is mustering in the magnificent hall, it being "covering time," or the hour for preparing the tables for dinner. The steward in his gown, a most important looking personage, is standing at the uppermost part of the hall, surrounded by most of the chief officers. The table is neatly covered with a purple velvet cloth, saltcellars and trenchers, under the supervision of the usher of the hall.

The yeomen of the ewery and pantry, conducted by the yeoman usher, then enter the dining chamber. As they pass through the door they bow reverentially, and they do the same upon approaching the table. They then lay down at the side of each trencher a knife "hafted with silver" and a spoon. No forks are laid, for these convenient articles have not yet been invented. Next in succession comes the yeoman of the cellar, who dresses the sideboard with wines, flagons, drinking cups and such vessels as are consigned to his care. The yeoman of the butlery follows him, and brings up beer and ale, and arranges the pewter pots, jugs, and so forth, on the sideboard.

The dinner time has now fully arrived, and the steward's command is taken by a gentleman usher, who knocks respectfully at the door of the state chamber and summons King Richard and his nobles and guests to dinner. In they come, dressed in their court attire, the king and his lords in magnificent long green velvet tunics, silken hose and red leather boots, with very long points; the pretty girl queen, Anne of Bohemia, and her ladies in particolored kirtles of white and blue, cotehardies edged with fur, and their hair done up in a gold fret or cone of network.

When the guests were assembled and seated, the king and queen occupying a dais above the others, the trumpets sounded, and a band of musicians entered the hall. The server followed them, bearing upon a huge golden platter a boar's head dressed with sweet rosemary and rose leaves.

The boar's head, with a great golden pippin placed between its tusks, is then placed upon the table, where it is served with mustard sauce, and the Christmas dinner begins. No napkins or forks are used, and brave knights and noble ladies wipe their greasy hands upon the tablecloth and throw the discarded bones and pickings upon the floor.

Besides the famous boar's head, the first course consists of roasted beef joints, pigs roasted, venison with frumenty (a curious concoction of boiled wheat and eggs seasoned with sugar and spices), broth of pork and onions, custard and a subtlety, the latter being an ornamental dish representing a ship, a castle or a human being, just as the taste of the cook dictated.

The second course is introduced by the bringing in of a peacock with all its gay plumage on and its whole body covered with leaf of gold. A singular dish, was it not? Like the subtlety, it must be intended merely for an ornamental dish. Not at all. It was a real dish to eat. The peacock was stuffed with all manner of spices and sweet herbs, thoroughly roasted, basted with yolk of egg, served with plenty of gravy, and was considered the greatest delicacy of the Christmas feast.

It was something of a task, as you may imagine, to prepare this bird of Juno for the table. The skin was carefully removed before it was baked, and then, when it was taken from the oven and cooled, the skin was sewed on again dextrously, not so much as a feather being ruffled. It was carried to the table on a silver basin, with a lighted piece of cotton, which had been saturated in alcohol, placed in its beak. No part of the dinner was so eagerly anticipated as this, and all manner of vows were pledged over the beautiful bird. The chronicles of the middle ages record many of these vows.

Jellies of meat or fish, all manner of fowls, roasted or boiled capons, hams, pies of carp, tongues, mutton pies and plum puddings followed in due order, and these were displaced by a dish of jelly, fruits and another subtlety. There were but few vegetables to accompany the various dishes of meat and fowl.

After the solid food was disposed of, wine and ale were drunk in profuse quantities. One wonders how they could eat and drink so much. People had barbarous appetites in those days, and a lady of rank would swallow two or three tankards of ale at a single meal.

This dinner on that long ago Christmas day lasted two hours. In the evening there was more feasting, and the historian amazes us by the vast enumeration of swine, oxen, sheep, pigs, hares, kids and fowls slaughtered and the tons of ale and wine drunk. England was merry England then, and rude license and boisterous cheer characterized the Yuletide festival. Yet doubtless we who eat our Christmas dinner with much less form and noise enjoy ourselves as truly. Certainly, we have more refinement than those fair ladies and gallant knights, who greased their fingers and soiled the tablecloth eating the boar's head and the stuffed peacock and the frumenty at that Christmas dinner of the fourteenth century.—Christian Advocate.

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Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

A Christmas Carol.

By HARRIET M. SKIDMORE ("MARIE.")

Toilers! cast your cares away!
Wake! sad hearts, to gladness gay!
'Tis the glorious Christmas Day!

Children, haste! your Lord to greet
Keep, with blithely dancing feet
Time to joyous measures sweet!

Grandsires! join their merry ring!
And in tremulous accents sing
Greetings to your God and King
At the manger, where he lies,
Welcoming, with gracious eyes,
Shepherds meek and sages wise.

While His Maiden-Mother fair
Takes fond, yet reverent care
Of her Babe, reposing there.

And the "Just Man" well doth keep
Vigil in the midnight deep
O'er his Charge's tranquil sleep.

Come, then, all by Love made free,
Hail in rapturous ecstasy
Heaven's own Holy Family,

And with gayly carroll'd lays
Greet the earliest matin rays
Of sweet Christmas, Day of days.

HON. WILLIAM ALVORD.

His Honorable Record During a Residence Here of Forty Years.

Among the well known names in the commercial, social and political world of this coast, none holds a higher place, both in public and private esteem than that of Hon. William Alvord, president of the bank of California. After a residence of forty years on the coast, during which time Mr. Alvord has been honored by his fellow citizens, elected to several responsible positions, and won his way to the head of many enterprises, he can look back with pride to his earlier years, and recall with pleasure the vicissitudes of a career on which no stain or blot appears.

Mr. Alvord, while not a pioneer, arrived in this State in October, 1853, having left New York, coming by the way of Nicaragua. Mr. Alvord's ancestors were of the sturdy Puritan stock which settled in New England, and from them he inherited the traits of character which have stood him in such good stead ever since. Mr. Alvord's father was born in Vermont, his mother in Connecticut, while he was born in New York State, in the city of Albany, in 1833.

In his native city he attended school, finally graduating from the Albany Academy, one of the most noted establishments of the time. From there he went to New York city and entered the hardware business. His health failed him, and then by his physician's advice he came to California.

Shortly after his arrival in this State Mr. Alvord entered business with Mr. Richard Patrick, who then was engaged in importing hardware at 50 Battery street. Again Mr. Alvord's health necessitated a change of climate, and he removed to Marysville, locating there in 1856. After a residence of several years in the interior, Mr. Alvord returned to San Francisco, and again associated himself with Mr. Patrick in the hardware business. Under his management the firm prospered, and later became known as Wm. Alvord & Co., being composed of Mr. Alvord, Richard Patrick and Joseph Farratt, the latter, however, retiring early in the sixties. The firm came to be known as one of the most responsible on the coast, the business during the time of the war being a Mr. Alvord was one of the most liberal most profitable one. At the same time contributors to the Sanitary Fund.

Early in the seventies political matters had so shaped themselves that there was a most pressing need for a strong directing hand at the head of municipal affairs. As a result the Tax Payers' Party was organized, and in response to the general demand for clean officers, irrespective of party lines, Mr. Alvord's record in the community marked him as the man, and he was elected mayor by a handsome majority. He filled this office until the close of 1873. Although frequently asked to allow his name to be used as a candidate for congress, for Governor and other high offices, Mr. Alvord always declined.

But public sentiment triumphed over his desire to remain in private life, and he was called to fill the duties of Park Commissioner, a trust which he discharged as conscientiously as he would have a private enterprise of his own, and at a time when the duties were most arduous. He was later appointed a Police Commissioner, which position he still holds.

Mr. Alvord has always been a strong supporter of Pacific Coast industries

When the Pacific Rolling Mills company was first organized Mr. Alvord was chosen its president. That was twenty-five years ago. Employment was then given to less than a dozen men. He is still the president, and the company now employs on an average some 700. He is also the chairman of the local board of directors of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company, undoubtedly the strongest institution of its kind in the world. But it is as president of the Bank of California that he is most familiarly and favorably known to the people of the Pacific Coast.

Outside of political, commercial and financial circles, Mr. Alvord has been honored by his associates in other directions. He has been president of the Art Association for three terms, of the Loring Club and Philharmonic Society, and also of the Pacific Club. He is likewise a member of the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, and the Bohemian and Union Clubs. In honor of his strong Union sentiments during the war he has been elected a member of the Loyal Legion, composed of officers who served during the war.

Mr. Alvord is in the meridian of life, hale, hearty and genial. His manner is off-hand with all with whom he comes in contact, but is tempered with a refined gentility. He is a well read and scholarly gentleman, representing in fact the very best type of the educated and suave California gentleman. His honorable record and sterling character are his best eulogies, and his entire life, like an open book, teaches a valuable lesson to the younger and rising generation.

DEVOTIONAL ARTICLES.

The recognized leading dealer in Catholic books, articles of devotion, and requisites for church and chapel is undoubtedly A. Waldteufel, of 721 Market street. Mr. Waldteufel is the largest dealer in this line of goods west of St. Louis, and has constantly on hand a most complete assortment of prayer-books, rosaries, pictures, statuary, religious works, chalices, candleabra, vestments, etc., etc. In fact, Mr. Waldteufel carries in his stock all the requisites for the complete equipment of a Catholic church. In addition Mr. Waldteufel is the special agent for F. Pustet & Co., the Catholic Publication Co., Benziger Bros., D. and J. Sadlier & Co., The Stolzenberg Co., Barnes & Oates, London—names familiar to all Catholics. School books for Catholic schools also form a large portion of Mr. Waldteufel's stock, and there is scarcely a Catholic school on the Pacific coast which does not draw its supplies from him. His stock affords a splendid opportunity for a selection of holiday presents suitable for the season, and the prices are such that their range permits a selection to meet the circumstances of the poor or rich.

ARTIFICIAL STONE WORK.

The march of improvement in San Francisco has done much to make modern methods take the place of antiquated ones, and in this way has the artificial stone sidewalk grown. From the beaten track over the hills to the more pretentious and comfortable plank-walk was a slow transition, but even that relic of early days, the "planked walk," is giving away every day to the cleaner and more durable side-walk of artificial stone or cement. There are many firms engaged in this business at present, but at the head of all stands George Goodman, the veteran and pioneer of the business.

Drop in at Mr. Goodman's office at 307 Montgomery street, under the Nevada Bank, and at any time he will entertain you with a recital of his labors in building concrete side-walks, foundations and kindred work, which is an epitome of the growth of the city. Mr. Goodman, as purchaser of the Schillinger patent, the first application of concrete work in this city in a large way, enjoyed for a number of years an almost exclusive monopoly of the business. Yet to his credit, be it said, that Mr. Goodman never overcharged his patrons. This is further evidenced by the large and important contracts with which Mr. Goodman has been connected. Among those of interest to readers of this paper, Mr. Goodman has had contracts for the foundation of the new Theological Seminary at Menlo Park, the new Parrott building on Market street, and on the corner of Post and Mason streets. As to the number of side-walks laid, it would require a special edition of this paper to chronicle them. In fact, the name of Mr. Goodman can be seen all over the city and State on work done by him, and to his credit be it said, that his work has always given thorough and complete satisfaction.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

Stir up thy might, O Lord, and come.
The world is sick for thee.
Sorrow and sin have reached their sum.
The night goes wearily.
For every creature at his wane
Are myriad slaves undone.
Light of the World, arise and shine
From the eyes of Mary's Son!

Stir up thy might, O Lord, and come!
O Lord, make no delay!
For Faith is faint, and Hope is dumb,
And Love hath lost his way.
O Earth, put forth the Saviour meek!
Clouds, rain the holy one!
Hope of the world, arise and speak
With the lips of Mary's Son.

Come, come and save the lowly, Lord,
For whom no joy remains.
O Lord, make no delay!
Or done to death in chains.
The childer mother piteous,
The sad child life begun—
O God-love, man, love, feel for us
In the heart of Mary's Son!

Come, just one, come, and with thee bring
Or compass of doom.
Let mountains in the desert spring,
The wilderness bloom!
Thou dost crouch down with banners furled,
Thou doststave—night is done—
Light of this world and every world,
The maiden Mary's Son!

—Boston Pilot.

TWO XMAS TURKEYS.

Oh, it was glorious Christmas weather—
—sunshine and blue skies and a nipping
frosty air that whisked about, tweaking
noises and flapping cheeks until they
bloomed like peonies!

Church was out, and a stream of people
poured along the streets in the merry
humor imaginable, for, bless us all, it was
Christmas day, and their hearts were
aglow with the spirit of peace on earth
and good will toward men.

The youngsters were hurrying homeward
with skates slung over their shoulders
of the new and glittering pattern especially
delighted in by Santa Claus, for
fine as the ice was the ringing of the
noontide bells had called up visions of
turkey and stuffing, plum pudding and
mince pie which no mortal boy could resist.

As for the little girls in the new hoods
and mittens and muffs they had found in
the chimney place that morning, between
vanity and appetite they stood irresolute
at their own front gates, each happy, rosy,
chubby creature that every body smiled
involuntarily at sight of them.

The policemen on the corners slapped
their arms about like windmills to keep
themselves warm, grinning from ear to
ear just because it was Christmas day.
And over all pealed the joyous music of
the bells in carols that found an echo on
every lip.

Even the houses were a gala air.
Wreaths of evergreens hung in all the
windows high and low, and the market
on the corner was a thing of beauty and
a joy forever, with piles of crimson cran-
berries, golden pumpkins, silver turnips,
celery, apples, pears and nuts heaped
picturesquely behind its frost etched panes of
glass, and the whole framed in graceful
festoons of ducks and chickens.

It was a triumph of art. No wonder the
passers stopped in spite of their hurry to
gaze upon it for the thousandth time and
fall to speculating as to what had become
of its two crowning glories—the biggest
turkey on record and the smallest—which
had hung there side by side for a week
past in a contrast at once the joke and ad-
miration of all beholders.

Popular belief held that the monster,
the 30 pounder, had been purchased by
Ebenezer Green, the rich and crusty
old Bohemian who lived by himself in a big
house on the outskirts of the town, for he
was the only person who could have afforded
to buy it in such hard times. But the
little one! There was hardly more meat
on its tiny carcass than on a spring chicken.
Who had a fancy for such a thing?
Ebenezer Green had been asking himself
the very question as he sat by the fire that
noon, now watching the flames leap up
the chimney, now turning to glance at the
woman who presided over the housekeeping
laying the table for his holiday feast—
a feast, alas, of solitary splendor! He had
been struck all at once at the absurdity of
setting such a gigantic bird before a single
person, and when he saw a platter
half as large as the table taken down from
the closet where his mother's blue and
white Canton china was stored he fell into
a silent fit of laughter.

The woman nodded grimly, with a
quick apprehension of the situation. "This
funny, I declare," she said presently, paus-
ing as she reached the door with the great
platter in her arms, "but the funniest part
of it all is that the little feller is cookin'
this minute next door where they've got
six months of fill beside their own. 'Tis
honest injun!"

"Next door?" Ebenezer glanced up in-
quiringly.
"Yes, in the cottage on the east side."
"Why, it's tumbling to pieces. 'Tisn't
fit for anybody to live in."

"Well, folks moved in a month or so ago
respectable looking, but I guess they are
about as poor as can be. 'Tisn't out of work,
and he helps out at the house handy as a
welder, and she takes in sewing. There's a
parcel of children, and I don't believe
they ever have a good square meal among
'em. Think of 'em setting down today to
that mite of a turkey!"

And Ellen chuckled at the picture.
"How do you know they have that tur-
key?" demanded the old gentleman, more
impatient than he would have liked to
own by the curious coincidence which had
kept the two fowls still near neighbors.
"The boy told me that brought ours
last night. It seems he chafed for the
market sometimes, and they gave him the
little turkey when they found there wasn't
any prospect of its being bought. But,
land's sake! I smell something burning."

She hurried off in a flutter of anxiety. A
Christmas dinner of all dinners to be
spilled!
Her master rose and slowly crossed the
hall. He had been a handsome man in his
day, and though his hair had whitened
and his shoulders bowed under the bur-
den of years he was still an imposing fig-
ure. He had few acquaintances in the
town and was regarded with awe, prin-
cipally on account of his wealth, which was
reputed to be fabulous, but not a little be-
cause of a somewhat reserved and haughty
air.

He made his way deliberately toward
the sitting room, a spacious, comfortably
furnished apartment, with windows look-
ing out upon the shabby, weather beaten
cottages in which the other turkey was to
be its mortal career. Sure enough, there
were unmistakable signs of occupation
about it.

The neglected garden had been put in
order, the broken gate repaired and re-

hung, and a general air of neatness gave
a new interest and attraction to the little
house long empty and unnoticed. The
shades were drawn high to let in all the
warmth of sunshine of the happy holiday,
and Ebenezer Green could see what was
going on in the room as well as if he had
been one of the busy people in it.

Busy they were, for the table was spread
with a clean white cloth, and the father,
with a troop of excited children to help,
was at that instant engaged in the thril-
ling occupation of taking up the children's
dinner. The mother, pale, thin and sweet
faced, was evidently the guest of honor,
ensconced in the one comfortable chair,
with a cushion at her back and watching
the proceedings with a charming smile,
half amused, half melancholy.

The eldest boy, a tall lad of 12, who did
the chores at the market, filled the glasses
with water fresh drawn from the well.
Two gleeful little girls danced in with
dishes of potato and turnip, and a brace
of chubby youngsters in much patched
trousers trotted after with the bread and
butter, proud to assist in the serving of
such a feast.

And last of all the father appeared in
the doorway enveloped in a big white
apron, to be greeted by an uproarious
shout of delight. For he bore on a platter
—oh, me, such a tiny platter!—the crown-
ing splendor of the day, the turkey, done
to a turn and smelling more delicious
than ever a turkey smelled before, as the
whole family unanimously agreed. There
was gravy, too, in a funny china pot with
a large handle, and who brought that in,
feeling the importance of the occasion to
the utmost, but the baby, toddling along
as gravely as a judge, deep anxiety in her
blue eyes. And cider! A whole quart in
the big white pitcher—extravagance
which could only be justified by the recol-
lection that it was Christmas day.

And now the father laid aside the apron.
The cook vanished, the head of the house
appeared. He led the pale mother tenderly
to the table, and the children followed,
prancing to their places around the large
table, which nobody thought bare or
poorly set forth. There came a pause for
a moment—the little heads, brown, black
and flaxen, were bent silently over the
plates while the father asked a blessing
and thanked God for his goodness in keep-
ing them all together and giving them so
many comforts. And then he took up the
carving knife as he gazed anxiously at
the turkey. The revel was about to begin.

Ebenezer Green turned away, with a
sigh. The bell had sounded in his own
dining room, and standing on the thresh-
old of an apartment he bent a fixed stare
upon the table, where there were flowers
and silver and cut glass, and on the side
table, smoking hot and browned till he
crackled all over, loomed up the mighty
outlines of the prize turkey. One man!

All at once the oddest idea popped into
the head of that one man. If he had stop-
ped to think about it, nothing would have
happened, and the prize turkey never
would have played a part in a story. But,
for once in his life, the old man acted
upon the spur of the moment. He hurried
out into the hall, put on his coat and hat,
opened the door, slipped back into the
dining room and took up the platter from
the table.

Oh, but that was a monstrous bird!
Thirty pounds? Fifty! Old Ebenezer fairly
staggered under its weight as he cau-
tiously picked his way over the ice and
snow toward the cottage door, and he
couldn't even spare a hand to knock.
The toe of his boot managed to make a
good, smart, rattling noise, however—a sound
so unwonted that the father ran hastily
out, with the children trooping in his
train.

"Good day," gasped the visitor, quite
out of breath after his herculean efforts.
"Good day, and wish you merry Christ-
mas! You don't know me, but I'm a next-
door neighbor, Ebenezer Green. I've
got the prize turkey, but I want you to
help me eat it, for I'm very lonely over
there all by myself. Can I come in?"

Come in? Well, the father saw in a
trice how it was, and he opened wide to
let in the turkey and its bearer, not to
speak of a rush of crisp chill air. The
spirit of good will stirred in his heart,
and forgetting the disparity of wealth and
poverty between them he felt only a warm
throb of sympathy for the solitary old
man. The mother stepped forward, kind-
ly gentle in a simple courtesy which
would have become a palace.

"You need not have brought your din-
ner with you, sir," she said, smiling.
"You are quite welcome to a share of ours
on Christmas day. Jimmy, put a plate
for the gentleman, and John," turning to
her husband, "do not let him hold that
heavy platter. Oh, what a turkey! He
must have been raised in a land of giants."

So once again the little one were side by
side. The cottage was very soon a scene
of riotous enjoyment, for Ebenezer's
spirits rose at a bound, and he felt like a
boy again. He sent Jimmy back with a
note to his housekeeper, who thought he
had suddenly become mad when she found
not only him but the turkey gone.

He sent the flowers, the nuts and
raisins, the apples and pears and grapes,
the mince pies and the plum pudding from
the great house to the small, and the chil-
dren, who had not had a good square meal
for weeks, sat down to a board fairly
groaning under the weight of the good
things on it. The little boys ate till they
could hardly see.

The little girls were nearly distracted
between admiration of the pink roses
nodding in the tall vase on the festal board
and astonishment at the pudding when
Mr. Green set it to blazing in burning
brandy.

And the father and mother wondered
how their neighbor had ever got his repu-
tation of being stiff and proud. Never had
so delightful a guest descended into their
modest household before.

They all put in and washed up the din-
ner dishes afterward. The father washed
and Ebenezer Green wiped, wishing the
directors of the bank could see him, and
the young feet tripped briskly to and fro
until everything was in its place, clean as
clean could be. It was a real frolic.

Then they dressed up around the fire.
The big logs had gone from Mrs. Green's
cellar not many minutes before Jimmy
had worn a path through the snow to the
house next door. It was story telling
time, and in the cheer glow on the hearth
the father poured out his soul and told how
he had been thrown out of work by the
closing of a factory; how hard he had
tried to find another place, but to no
avail, and how all they had to live upon
was the sum his dear wife earned by sew-
ing and Jimmy's pittance from the mar-
ket. And the wife, in her turn, told how
brave and patient he had been, with a lov-
ing glance that made him blush with
pleasure.

And Mr. Green promised that he should
have something to do by New Year's day
and gave his word upon it, feeling for the
first time how much happiness a rich man
has the power to create.

When it was his turn. The children
gathered at his knee to drink in breathless

ly his tales of travel by land and sea, of
strange countries he had seen and people
he had known—queer, quaint people in
far off places, whose custom and history
sounded like the most entrancing of fairy
tales. The baby drew nearer and nearer
and finally climbed upon his knee, listen-
ing with her great blue eyes wide open.
When it was her bedtime, she laid her
cheek upon his in a soft caress.

"She loves you," she said, and in a
burst of laughter was led away—not far,
for the house was very tiny. Her childish
voice could be heard prattling on while
the older sister made her ready for bed,
and then the group outside fell into silence,
while the little one knelt beside her crib
and murmured the dear familiar words of
her "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Oh, that was a happy Christmas day!
As it drew toward its close Ebenezer
Green lingered in his sitting room, bare
and empty after that he had left so full of
love and cheerful content. The fire leaped
and flared and threw its rich light into
the shadows round his chair. He felt the
dimpled baby cheek pressed close to his own
wrinkled arm, and when the chimes rang out
at midnight soft and clear the old man
bowed his head, and for the first time in
many a year he breathed a little prayer.—
Buffalo News.

The Joy of Christmas.

This is the joy of Christmas: It
brings afresh to our remembrance the
glorious truths that God is love; that he
is our Father and we are his children, and
that, being his children, we are his heirs,
heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ
to an inheritance more glorious than mortal
eye hath seen or heart conceived.

And this idea that God is our Father is
imparted to us by God himself. We our-
selves could never have found it out by any
study or searching of our own. It had to
be revealed to us. And this is the anni-
versary season of its revelation, the recog-
nized anniversary of that time when in
the manger at Bethlehem Christ entered
into the experiences of human life that he
might reveal to man the spirit which ani-
mates the heart of God, the spirit of pa-
ternal love and fellowship.

In coming to God now, my friends, we
come no more with Moses by the way of
the wilderness and of that mount which
burned with fire, but we come by the way
of the Bethlehem manger to the peaceful
and inspiring heights of Zion.

Happy Christmas! Day of a better cov-
enant than Moses knew! Day of glad tid-
ings which shall be to all people! Day of
the revelation of God in Christ as the Fa-
ther of all and the Saviour of all! May
its yearly coming find the world more and
more in harmony with God until in all
the earth men shall know and worship
and rejoice in him as their nearest, dearest,
truest, tenderest friend.—Christian Advo-
cate.

Christmas in Paris.

In many of the churches quaint and art-
less carols, with no less artless accom-
paniments coming from another age less
fickle than our own, are brought into the
service of the midnight mass. After the
mass is over the revillon is still held,
even by those who no longer go to mass.
This revillon—the good old custom of
the after midnight supper following the
midnight mass at Christmas eve—dies out
with difficulty from any Frenchman's im-
agination. Its material signs are blood
sausage, truffled turkey and pate de foie
gras. Its moral sign is a temporary thaw-
ing of the ice of religious neglect, even
when the fete is held by wild young men
in restaurants. In the early Christmas
morning when the dawn is not yet creep-
ing up you will be roused and roused
again by the rattle of carriage wheels and
snatches of Christmas song at the hour
when Paris is usually the quietest. No
matter who the singer is, the song of
Christmas day is there.—Philadelphia
Press.

Selecting Christmas Gifts.

"Why don't you get him a silver pen-
holder?" This was from the young woman
in brown.
"I gave him one last year," disconsol-
ately answered the young woman in green.

"Well—a scarf-pin?" hazarded the
adviser.
"He has about 70," wailed the other.
"Then give him one of those big silver
mounted seals over there."
"Grace Perkins! As if he ever would
take the trouble to use it!"

"Well, then," said Grace Perkins im-
patiently, "I don't see what you're going to
get him."

A glad light began to beam upon the
other's countenance. Evidently she had
been struck with a bright, original idea.
"I think," she said slowly, "I'll go
down to Scrooge's and buy him a necktie
—a real pretty one."—Exchange.

Christmas Potpourri.

The mistletoe and the holly are not con-
tending for the honor of being chosen as
the national flower, but are content with
knowing that at present, whatever other
blossom is officially favored, they between
them own the land.—Baltimore American.

If asked whence comes our favorite,
The sole reply shall be,
He hails from far-off fairyland,
And his name is Santa C.

—Kansas City Journal.

It is a matter of very grave considera-
tion whether those liberal folk who make
gifts so plentifully to kindred and friends
as customary tokens of affection and
friendship at this season would do better
by making fewer or lesser personal gifts
and make more to the poor, whose num-
ber is so great.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sauce For Roast Pig.

If a roast pig graces your Christmas ta-
ble, a very pretty way to serve the neces-
sary apple sauce is as follows: Select a
number of smooth, rosy, well flavored
Baldwin pippins. Polish them to the last
stage of ruddiness, cut a slice off the top
and scoop out the inside, leaving a wall of
perhaps half an inch, enough to keep the
apple in shape. Make a nice apple sauce
seasoning, flavoring it appetizingly, and
fill the hollowed apples with it. Insert
the stem of an apple or any bit of twig by
way of the stem and serve one to each per-
son on a pretty dish, or like a sorbet on a
dolly laid on a pretty plate. Very finely
minced orange rind is a delightful flavor-
ing for apple sauce.—Exchange.

Christmas.

With heart and mind we hail the past
And greet the primal Christmas tide,
Blended with light of blessings vast
That hails Bethlehem's mountainside.
Mock shepherds, chosen first to see
The gift of heaven's wondrous grace,
In ecstasy we bend the knee
Before the Shepherd of the race.

Judas, favored of the earth,
Ah, sacred is thine every act,
And glorified as place of birth
And cradle of the Son of God.
—Selected.

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Fine Family Flour, \$2.60 \$3, \$3.25
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Tapioca, 25 lbs. for \$1.

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Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.

Tea, 20c., 25c., 40c., and 50c. per lb.

Full Cream Cheese, 10c. and 12½c. per
lb.

Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box,
\$1.50.

Eastern hams, 14c. per lb.

Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.

15-lb. box Macaroni or Vermacilli,
65c. per box.

Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed),
\$1.75 and \$2 per gallon.

Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and
75c. per gal.

Good Reising, 50c. 60c. and 75c.

Port Wine, 75c. \$1 and \$1.50 gal.

Angelica, 75c. \$1 and \$1.50 gal.

Sherry, 75c. \$1, and \$1.50 gal.

Short Horn Whisky, \$2.50 gal.

Irish Whisky, \$3.00 per gal.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of December.

Dec. 15—Third Sunday in Advent.
Magdalen Asylum College, San Francisco.

Presentation Convent, Powell St. S. F.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, December 22nd

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Dec. 16, Sunday—3rd of Advent—St. Eusebius, Bp. M. (370.)

Dec. 17, Monday—St. Lazarus, Bp. (90.)

Dec. 18, Tuesday—Expectation, B. V. M.

Dec. 19, Wednesday—Ember Day—St. Juliana Falconieri, V. (1340.)

Dec. 20, Thursday—St. Eugene, Priest, M. (362.)

Dec. 21, Friday—Ember Day—St. Thomas, Apostle.

Dec. 22, Saturday—Ember Day—St. Flavian, M. (362.)

The Babe of Bethlehem:
God the Mighty. Come
Let us Adore.

There in the manger wrapped in swaddling clothes is the Eternal Son of God. Conceived in the chaste womb of the Blessed Virgin by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost without having any man for father the Divine Word took to Himself a body of the sinless Mary's flesh into which was breathed a human soul. Begotten of the Father from all eternity without a mother, and born in time of Mary the Virgin, the Word had a double sonship—Son of God and Son of Mary. But while He had two natures—the divine with all its infinite perfections—the human complete and in all things except sin like to ours, the Incarnate Word had but one personality that of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity. The human and divine natures united together from the moment of conception in one personality is called the hypostatic union. The Person of the Word is thus both God and Man, but only one Jesus Christ. So wondrously intimate is this union, that death itself could not dissolve it. In the Sepulchre the divine person remained united to the soul of Christ in limbo, and to His Body in the Sepulchre. So then the Babe of Bethlehem is the Word made Flesh, is the Son of God, is Emmanuel or God with us. Come let us adore.

"Glory to God in the Highest."

"Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying Glory to God in the highest." To God's essential glory flowing as it does from the possession and contemplation of His infinite perfections,

there can be neither increase nor decrease. But His accidental glory is otherwise, depending as it does on the service of His creatures. The revolt of our first parents by disobedience, their loss of primeval innocence and consequent forfeiture of their birth-right, robbed the Creator of the glory of His work. The human race by the sin of one man entering the world became an object of the wrath and indignation of God. But now the Babe of Bethlehem the Son of Man is come to raise mankind. The host of Angels knew sin was a physical impossibility to the second Adam. They knew that His every act was the act of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, and therefore infinite in dignity and infinite in merit. They foreknew by the redemption of Christ that man was to be reconciled with God. They foreknew that our great High Priest would by His actual presence in the Eucharist render till the end of time a pure propitiary sacrifice to God and be the Bread of Life to His brethren. They foreknew the moral presence of Jesus in His earthly kingdom the Church by power and authority. They foreknew that the Son of Man would sit in glory on the right hand of His Father after His ascension ever making living intercession for mankind. At a later period of Himself did the Son of Man say: "I have glorified thee on earth. I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do; and now glorify Thou Me, O Father with thyself, with the glory which I had before the world was with Thee." The angelic multitude seeing this wondrous manifestation of God's power, and wisdom, and goodness, in the Incarnation of His Son, burst forth in song "Gloria in excelsis Deo". It has reverberated and will reverberate in every part of earth till the second coming of the Son of Man.

Fear Not: To You a Savior
is Born.

"The angel said to them; fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Enter. Fear not. Omnipotence is in bonds. The Babe is God. A meek and lowly maid is mother. An aged just man, Joseph, follower of a lowly trade is foster father. The abode is a cave, the sheltering place of animals. On Thabor's mount the Son of Man manifested some of His glory in the Transfiguration. But here in Bethlehem, as well as through His earthly life, though his body and soul were anointed through and through with the divinity, by a continuous miracle did Jesus withhold the glorious endowments which were due to His human body. He would feign draw us with the cords of love. How could this be more effectively done than by the sight presented to the eyes of the shepherds? "I confess to Thee, O Father,

Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones." Yea, Father; for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight." The shepherds "understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child." They realized that He would, as Saviour, restore fallen humanity, reconcile it with God offended by sin, destroy sin and its effects, and give to men "the power to be made children of God." "Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called, and should be the Sons of God." Sons indeed and co-heirs with Christ, S. Athanasius, the great defender of the Incarnation, wrote more than fifteen centuries ago, that the stable where Jesus was born is 'a figure of the Church, whose altar is the manger, whose vicar is Joseph, whose ministers are the shepherds, whose priests are the angels, whose great High-Priest is Jesus Christ, and whose throne is the Blessed Virgin.'

To Protestant Seminaries.

Last Monday evening for the first time in the history of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, its lecture platform was occupied by a priest.

It has been the custom during the past few years for the members of the Homiletical Society, an association composed of students belonging to the senior class, to invite clergymen of various denominations to address them at certain periods on subjects appertaining to the work of the ministry, to which the most prominent pulpit orators and thinkers of all shades of Protestant belief have responded. It was left, however, for this season's course of lectures, the topic being "Methods of Preaching," to include a Catholic, the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle of the Paulist Fathers.

When it had been determined to ask Father Doyle to address the students, the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, Professor of Biblical Theology, was requested to extend the invitation to the Paulist. With the assent of Archbishop Corrigan, the Rev. Father Doyle accepted, and met the great body of the students in the seminary chapel, the lectures being attended by all the undergraduates.

In taking up the subject of his discourse, the "Methods of Preaching," the speaker told of the missions, known outside of the Catholic Church as revivals, and how they are conducted so as to attain the best results. He spoke of the hard work entailed on the priests while giving their missions, and the careful and long preparation required for the work. An informal discussion followed his discourse.

Spanish Church.

The feast of Our Lady of Gaudalupe was celebrated on Wednesday at the church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, on Broadway street. Rev. F. Mountaner celebrated solemn high mass in the morning and Rev. A. Santandreu preached on the feast, telling again the picturesque legend of Gaudalupe and its wonderful results.

The musical accompaniment was very beautiful and reflected credit on the director, S. Arrillaga. The following program was rendered by the choir and orchestra: Kyrie, Gloria and Credo, by Rossi; Sanctus and Agnus, by Mozart; "Veni Creator," by Giorza, sung by F. Loalza; "Ave Maria," by S. Arrillaga. Soloists—Sopranos, Miss C. Cooney and A. Acesta; altos, Mrs. G. Sutton and C. Arrillaga; tenors, G. Morrissey and F. Loalza; basses, H. Bassford and N. Volkman. At the elevation an intermezzo for harps and violin was rendered by M. St. Hubert, M. Kimball, J. Lopez and M. Escobar.

Samuel M. Shortridge.

Brilliant, versatile, well read in his profession, and indefatigable in bringing to a successful conclusion whatever he undertakes, Mr. Shortridge has, owing to these traits, gained a prominent position at our bar, and naturally a large practice. There is one marked difference in him from all around brilliant men, and that is he is not erratic. He is neither changeable nor wandering but devotes himself earnestly and with fidelity to his work. His practice receives first care, and after he has with scrupulous conscientiousness met his duty there then he gives his spare time to subordinate work. It is then he prepares those bright efforts that have proved so entertaining to audiences on different occasions. In the main however his orations or addresses have been extempore efforts, and they have lost nothing in fire and brilliancy by being so. In fact some of his finest work in this direction was wholly unprepared and came forth spontaneously in answer to the occasion. In the manner he has thus met congenial engagements he has shown the eloquence of a true orator, a gift that is inborn and that can never be gained by training. His language was certainly more inspiring, more heartfelt, and it aroused keener appreciation and enthusiasm than when he gave polish to his words by preparation. Besides the gift of oratory Mr. Shortridge is also a man of fine presence and there is in consequence a proper harmony between the speech and the speaker. He is regarded to-day indeed as representative in this power in this State. And yet he has only in rare instances complied with invitations to speak, and these were mainly patriotic occasions. If he has a pet aversion it is to anything that parades of display. He only indeed gives his oratory rein when the occasion merits it and he feels that some good purpose is furthered. He delivered very eloquent addresses for instance on Memorial Day, at Fresno in 1886, at Modesto in 1887, at St. Helena in 1888 and San Jose in 1889. He was the orator at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, Sutro Heights in 1887, on Independence Day at Redwood City in 1887, and in San Francisco, 1888.

In his professional advocacy however does his gift of oratory prove a powerful aid. He is regarded as an especially strong man before a jury, and has won many triumphs in consequence, and to his credit be it said always in behalf of justice, for he is a stickler as to the standing of the cases he engages in.

Mr. Shortridge comes of excellent family. His father, Elias W., and his uncle, Abram C., were men of substantial positions in Indiana, where they were born. The latter still resides there and is President of a prominent college. His father studied law for a time in company with Hon. Oliver P. Morton, but afterwards entered the ministry of the Campbellites or Christian denomination. For many years, up to his death, November, 1890, in San Jose, he labored very zealously on this coast in his sacred calling. Prior to going to Indiana the family was settled in Kentucky. Of the Kentucky branch several became distinguished. Of this branch was Hon. George D. Shortridge, of Alabama, a very able man and one of the Circuit Judges of the State. His father, Hon. Eli Shortridge, was also a Circuit Judge of the same State, and prior to that had name and reputation in Kentucky as a lawyer and orator. That the present Mr. Shortridge is talented is therefore very natural, for talent runs in the family.

Samuel M. Shortridge, notwithstanding the excellent record he has made, and his well established reputation, is quite a young man. He was born at Mount Pleasant, Henry county, Iowa, August 3d, 1861. In 1874 the family went to Oregon, and from there came to California in 1876, settling in San Jose. Mr. Shortridge and his brother Charles M. went to Nevada county first however, and engaged in mining there for a time. They subsequently went to San Jose, where Mr. Shortridge attended school and was graduated with honors in 1879, delivering the valedictory address.

He took a first grade certificate afterwards as teacher, and taught school in Napa county for some four years, and during that period at intervals he wrote many sparkling poems, showing a great natural bent for poetic composition. He also contributed often to the press timely and forcible articles on current subjects.

In 1883 he began the study of the law with D. M. Delmas, and at the same time attending the Hastings College of the Law. May, 1885, he passed a very severe examination before the

Supreme Court and was admitted. With his career as a lawyer our readers should be familiar. He has had exceptional success owing to his ability and his brilliant gifts, and to the fact that he was always on the side of right and justice.

In politics Mr. Shortridge has always been a staunch republican and exerts great influence in the councils of the party. In 1888 he was one of the Presidential Electors, and of that body was Secretary. In that campaign he canvassed the State, and made many brilliant and effective speeches, which had great weight with the voters.

In fraternal orders Mr. Shortridge has also made his mark. He is a member of the Masonic body, the A. O. U. W., and the Select Knights. While Mr. Shortridge's talents have given him the respect of those who know him, his kindly, sympathetic and cordial traits of character have made him deservedly popular. Judging from what has already been accomplished he certainly should have a brilliant and successful future.

T. R. BASSETT & BROS.

An Expert Firm of Builders,
Whose Work Speaks for
Itself.

The firm of T. R. Bassett & Bros., the builders, is well and favorably known all over the State for the conscientious manner in which they execute all contracts entrusted to their care. The firm was established some six or seven years ago, and no one had their first contract been completed than their work began to attract the attention of architects and others. They first came into notice in connection with the opening up of the Fruitvale tract in Alameda county, adjoining the station of that name, where house after house was built by them.

Then they began to branch out, and being men of experience, contracts innumerable were signed by them. They have lately made a specialty of church building, and a large number of Catholic churches have been built by them. In the immediate vicinity of Fruitvale they constructed the St. Elizabeth Church, which is considered by all who have seen it to be a splendid piece of work. They are also the builders of the Portuguese church on Chestnut street in Oakland, the new addition to the Academy of the Sacred Heart on Webster street in Oakland, and the addition to Sacred Heart Church at Tameson. The churches at Livermore and Grac Valley were also constructed by them. From the pastor and others interested, Messrs. Bassett Bros. have received many commendatory letters.

In San Francisco there are numerous instances of their work—in fact, many more than we have space to recapitulate. One noticeable instance of excellent work is afforded in St. St. Brendan's school, on Fremont and Harrison streets. Other buildings which will serve as illustrations are the Selfridge row of dwellings, on the corner of California and Pierce streets, and the large block on O'Farrell and Taylor streets. A critical examination of their work is bound to win them praise. The three contracts cited above are but a very few of the number executed by Bassett Bros.

While the headquarters of the firm are in a measure at Fruitvale, they are connected with the Builders' Exchange, 16 Post street, this city, where they can be seen daily. They are prepared to figure on all classes of work and guarantee satisfaction. Each member of the firm is an experienced builder, and close personal supervision is given to the execution of all contracts.

The Paulist Fathers have taken charge of St. Mary's Church, and will make it their headquarters for mission work on the Pacific Coast.

Bishop Montgomery lectured on temperance in Riverside on Sunday evening the 2nd inst. All the ministers of the Protestant Churches closed their services earlier than usual in order to afford an opportunity for their congregations to attend the lecture.

Rev. Father Conlan, of St. Francis Church, is in the southern part of the state.

Rev. Father McSweeney, of Oakland, leaves for a visit to Ireland about the 5th prox.

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Subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

A FINANCIAL GIBRALTAR.

Success of the Hibernia Savings
and Loan Society.

The uninterrupted successful career of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society is a matter in which all Californians feel a pride. Established at a time when financial conditions were unsettled, when there was a complete absence of a banking system, the plan adopted by the founders of the Hibernia Bank has been proved by the experience of years to be a stable one. From the small beginning of over thirty years ago it has grown and expanded into the leading savings bank of the day, with assets of over thirty millions and a list of depositors aggregating over fifty thousand.

These two items alone show the confidence of the people in the bank. It is known from one end of the country to the other, and while it has seen the rise and fall of many savings institutions, each year the annual statement shows an increase in deposits and profits. When in the times of financial stress, other institutions have been compelled to close their doors, the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society has always been ready with plenty of money in sight to meet the demands. This fact has materially assisted the commercial banks of this city, for the many depositors of the Hibernia, content in the strength of their favorite depository, have by wisely refraining from withdrawing, served to inspire confidence in the local financial world.

There are many reasons why the Hibernia Bank is a favorite. In the first place, it always treats depositors and borrowers well. To the former it allows as large a rate of interest as it is possible for the money to earn. From the latter it does not exact the 'pound of flesh,' but the management is always satisfied with the ruling rate. Furthermore, no "wild-cat loans" are made. The systems of investigation and appraisal of properties on which loans are desired is a perfect one. Notwithstanding this carefulness, there are thousands of homes which never could have been built but for the timely assistance of the Hibernia Bank. In the dealings of the employees with the public, suavity and accommodation are the prevailing traits. The bank therefore retains for business purposes all who ever, either as depositors or borrowers, open an account with it.

The officers of the Hibernia Bank, from the day of its inception up to the present time, have enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the public. They have been men whose word was always as good as their bond, and in movements looking to the advancement of San Francisco have always taken a leading part. This statement is borne out by the erection of their magnificent banking building, on the corner of Jones and McAllister street, whose granite is no more solid than is the character of the institution.

With all these circumstances in its favor, it has become the friend of the small depositor and the small borrower and thus it has become a powerful factor in building up San Francisco. By granting money on easy terms to men who used it for building purposes and other enterprises, the Hibernia Bank has aided greatly in the growth of the city. The confidence of the directors in the future of California is evidenced by the fact that no loans or investments are made outside of the State.

Among the many prominent citizens of this city who have been connected with the Hibernia Bank in an official capacity are the names of men who have occupied a noteworthy place in the history of the state. In fact the position of director of the Hibernia Bank is one of great importance on account of the varied interests to be protected. It requires a vast amount of financial acumen, and a deep insight into existing conditions. The correctly conducted savings bank is a power of good in any community for it begets thrift among the people. The rules of a bank, may to make so stringent, that people rather avoid than patronize it. Some banks proceed to the other extreme, and by lavish promises of dividends lure depositors to them. But not so with the Hibernia.

Despite the prevailing dullness of the times, the coming annual statement will show a marked increase over the previous year. This result is due to the following board of directors who are: James B. Kelly, president; R. J. Tobin, secretary; Alfred and Joseph Tobin, attorneys, and H. Dimond, H. Doyle, J. J. O'Brien, R. M. Tobin and Charles Mayo, directors.

Telephone 308

Christmas Greeting.

A merry Christmas greeting
I wish you one and all;
To-day old friends are meeting,
Past-times they now recall.
While around the festive board,
They ring a Christmas lay
About the birth of our Lord,
This merry Christmas Day.
This is the day of richest mirth,
No one should feel forlorn,
This is the day that gave Him birth,
This is the day He blest our earth,
On merry Christmas morn.
Hark! the merry Christmas chimes,
Pealing from the steeple,
Love the forger of crimes,
Come to Mass, good people.
It was on this starlit morn
That shepherds did adore Him,
In the cave where he was born;
Still with us He does sojourn,
And our hearts He shall adorn
If we come and adore Him.

Hear the bells so sweetly ringing,
Let not their peals affright you,
Come, hear our orphan boys singing,
Ah! how they shall delight you.
Hark! the tuneful organ now is playing,
Though often indeed it slumbers,
The organist's fingers o'er it stray,
Are waking now all its numbers.
Hear our great Archbishop preaching,
On the young High Priest of love,
Come to Him he is beseeching,
And our hearts he now is reaching.
And the doctrine he is teaching
Has come from the throne above.
Let us in our hearts adore him,
On him our hopes are grounded;
Sinners, let us kneel before him,
With tears of joy unbounded.

Hark, the gong now is giving us warning
Of the amazing consecration;
Profoundly adore this Christmas morn
During the sublime elevation.
Around the chalice angels are winging,
With angelic prayer they hail us,
Soon our orphan choir we will hear singing,
The thrilling Adeste Fideles.
His sacred body angels are bringing,
His precious blood shall inflame us,
With penitent hearts let us be singing,
Christus natus est venite adoremus.

God's holy grace in our heart is ringing,
Be good or His gratitude will shame us,
The altar boys to the vestments are clinging,
Their little gongs they are quickly ringing,
Christus natus est venite exultemus.
Sinners from Him He is never flinging,
Come and His most sacred heart will tame us,
Hark! holy angels to Him are singing,
Christus natus est venite jubilemus.

To our young High Priest let us be springing,
Through his charity he will reclaim us,
Then let us all be most joyfully singing,
Christus natus est venite praeoccupemus.
Let us bless thee, festive Christmas,
In great joy thou comest each year,
To gladden our hearts and bring us
Great abundance of love and cheer.
Now, my faithful friends, one and all,
I wish you a merry Christmas day,
In future years we shall recall
How joyfully it passed away.

J. C. P.
St. Vincent's, San Rafael, Nov.
26th, 1894.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the author of
"William George Ward and the
Catholic Revival," is going to pub-
lish, through Messrs. Longman, a
Life of Cardinal Wiseman, which
will fill two volumes.

It appears that among the deaths
registered in Ireland during the
twelve months covered by a recent
report were 611 of persons stated to
have been 95 years of age or more,
divided into 295 men and 316 wo-
men; while of these, 66 men and 78
women were returned as 100 years
old and upwards.

The death is announced in Paris
of the Rev. Mother Marie Louise,
nee Stephanie Dienne, Superioress-
General of the Religieuses Auxilia-
trices of the Immaculate Concep-
tion.

THREE TURKEYS.

Three turkeys came sorrowing home to roost—
Home to roost as the sun went down.
Each thought of the usual Christmas boost
That the poultry trade would receive in town.
For birds must fatten,
And men must eat,
And the juicy worm
Makes the best of white meat,
So what is the use of bemoaning?

Three forms through the dark'ning barnyard
stalk
With axes as sharp as sharp can be.
There's a scuffle of wings, a smothered
squeak—
Three gobblers are sailing the jasper sea.
For birds may flutter,
But cooks must kill
And pile the Christ-
Mas table until
The festive board is groaning.

Three corpses lay in the morning light
On the kitchen dresser all ready to roast.
They are trimmed and skewered and riddled
full tight
With sage and with everything else almost.
For "turks" must sizzle
And change to brown,
And if there's a turkeyless
Man in town
I've a bird that I don't mind loaning.
—San Francisco Examiner.

CHRISTMAS MIRACLE.

Once upon a time—it was so long ago
that everybody has forgotten the date—
there was a little boy named Wolff.
He was 7 years old. He had neither
father nor mother and was left to the
care of an old aunt, who was so cold
hearted that she never embraced her
nephew except on New Year's day and
was so peevish that she served him a
dish every time she served him to a
dish of soup. The poor little fellow was
naturally so good that he loved the old
dame, only he had such a dreadful fear
of her that he could not look at her
without trembling.

Because Wolff's aunt was known to
have a house upon a good street and a
stocking full of gold she did not dare
to send her nephew to the school for
the poor, but she had to haggle with a
teacher for a reduction in her prices
that the teacher was vexed to have a
scholar who brought her in so little.
Little Wolff was also dressed so poorly
that the fool's cap was often unjustly
inflicted upon him or dunce was writ-
ten upon his back, and his comrades
were unreasonably prejudiced against
him.

All the other pupils were sons of rich
citizens and made the orphan the butt
of their jokes or the object of their
malice. The poor child was wretchedly
unhappy and would often hide himself
away in corners to weep.

The time of the Christmas festival
approached. On Christmas eve the
schoolteacher conducted all of the pu-
pils to midnight mass and afterward led
them back to their homes.

As the winter was extremely rigorous
that year, and as for several days a
great quantity of snow had fallen, the
children all came warmly bundled and
muffled in fur caps which turned down
over their ears, double and triple coats,
knit gloves and mittens and good heavy
boots that had iron nails and thick
soles.

Wolff alone presented himself, shiver-
ing in the same clothes that he wore
every day and Sunday, summer and
winter, and his feet were covered with
only the low wooden shoes of Stras-
burg.

His naughty companions, seeing his
poor appearance, made a thousand jests
at his expense, but the orphan was so
occupied in breathing upon his cold fin-
gers and by the aching chilblains that
he did not heed them.

Soon the band of boys, marching two
by two, with the schoolmaster magis-
trally at their head, started for the
priest's house.

It was good to reach the church,
which was brilliant with lighted can-
dles. The children, excited by the gen-
tle heat, sweet perfumes and glittering
snow, profited by the organ's din and
the swelling chants to prattle in a low
voice.

Each boasted of the delights which
awaited him in his own family circle.
The burgo-master's son had seen be-
fore his departure a monstrous goose,
with truffles spotted with marks like a
leopard. At the house of an alderman
was a spruce tree, all planted in a box,
from which were suspended oranges,
sugar toys and jumping jacks, and the
notary's cook had fastened behind her
head with a pin the streamers of her
cap, which she never did except on days
of inspiration, when she was sure to
succeed in her famous sweet dishes.

And then the pupils all talked of
what the Christ child would bring
them, what he would put in their
shoes, which all would take care to
leave at the fireplace before going to
bed.

In the eyes of all sparkled the antici-
pation of joy. They thought of the pa-
per roses, the bags of nuts, the trumpets
and drums, the laden soldiers arranged
in battalions, menageries smelling of
the varnished wood and purple puppets
that could tumble and jump.

Little Wolff knew very well from ex-
perience that his good and avaricious aunt
would have him go to bed without any
supper, but innocently he hoped that
the Christ child would not forget him,
for he had not been all the year as good
and hardworking as possible! He, too,
planned to put his pair of wooden shoes
close to the ashes in the fireplace.

The midnight mass terminated, the
faithful went away impatient for the
treats which were to follow, and the
trump of pupils, always two by two and
following the teacher, left the church.

But under the porch, sitting on a
stone bench surmounted by a stone
niche, a child was sleeping—a child
covered with a white woolen robe, but
with naked feet, notwithstanding the
gold. He was not a beggar, for the robe
was clean and new, and near him upon
the pavement of the vestibule, wrapped
in a coarse cloth, were a square, a plane,
a hatchet, a polisher and the other tools
of a carpenter's apprentice.

Lighted by the stars, the child's face,
with its closed eyes, had an expression
of divine gentleness, and his heavy red

brown ringlets seemed to shine like an
aureole around his white forehead.

But it would have made you grieve
to see the child's feet blue with the
cold that cruel December night.

The pupils so well clothed and shod
for the winter passed indifferently be-
fore the unknown child. Some of them
cast upon the little vagabond a look in
which could be read all the common
contempt of the rich for the poor—of
the well fed for the hungry.

But little Wolff came out of the
church the last of all and stopped, very
much moved, before the beautiful sleep-
ing child.

"Alas," said the orphan, "it is fright-
ful for the poor little one to go without
shoes when the weather is so cold. And
it is still worse not to have either slip-
pers or shoes to put before him while
he sleeps on this all the evening, so that
the Christ child might have a place to
put something in to comfort his misery."

Carried away by his good heart, Wolff
drew off the wooden shoe from his right
foot and softly put it before the sleep-
ing boy. Then, as best he could, hop-
ping on one foot, soaked with snow wa-
ter, footsore and forlorn, he returned to
his aunt's house.

"Look at him, the good for nothing!"
cried the old woman, full of fury upon
seeing him return with but one shoe.
"What have you done with your other
shoe, you little, miserable young
one?"

Wolff did not know how to lie, and
though he trembled and stammered
with fright he tried to relate his adven-
ture.

But the old woman broke out into
gruff, frightful laughter. "So monsieur
unshoes for beggars! So monsieur strips
off his covering for a barefoot! This is
a fine way to do. Oh, well, I will leave
the remaining shoe in the fireplace to-
night, and the Christ child will put in
it something to whip you with in the
morning. I will answer for it. And to-
morrow you shall pass the day upon
dry bread and water, and we will see
if the next time you will give your
shoes to the first beggar that comes
along."

The wicked woman, having given the
child two blows, made him go up to the
attic, where under the eaves he climbed
into his hard cot, but he was comforted
with the sleep of the innocent, though
in his sorrow he had soaked his scanty
pillow with bitter tears.

The next morning, when the old aunt
was awakened by the cold, she descended
to her lower room.

Oh, marvel! She saw the great chim-
ney full of sparkling playthings, bags
of magnificent bonbons, riches of all
sorts, and in front of that wealth of
treasure the shoe that her nephew had
given the sleeping child. It was close
beside its mate, which she had left
there, intending to put therein a bun-
dle of whips before calling Wolff.

Now, when he ran to her, awakened
by her cries and in ecstasies at seeing
the beautiful gifts of the Christ child,
the attention of both was called to a
noise in the street. They ran to learn
what was the matter and saw all the
gossips of the neighborhood assembled
at the fountain in the public square.

"Oh, a very pleasant thing has hap-
pened, and a very extraordinary," they
were saying.

"All the rich people's children, whose
parents wished to surprise them by sus-
pending from trees the most beautiful
gifts, had found nothing but whips in
their shoes. The beautiful things had
all disappeared."

Then the old woman and the child,
remembering the marvelous presents in
their chimney place, were full of fright.
Suddenly there was seen approaching
Father Zwilling, the benevolent faced
priest.

Behind the bench at the church
door in the same place where on the
previous evening a child clothed in
white, but with naked feet in spite of
the great cold, had rested his sleeping
head, the priest had just found a circle
of gold imbedded in the hard stone.

"All the bystanders crossed themselves
devoutly, comprehending that the beau-
tiful child who had dropped asleep there
and who had near him the carpenter's
tools was Jesus of Nazareth, who had
become again for one hour such as he
was when he labored in the house of
his earthly parents, Mary and Joseph.

They bowed before the miracle which
the good God wished to perform to re-
compense the confidence and charity of
a child.

"Ah, it was good," said the people,
"to have the poor and innocent reward-
ed and the rich and contemptuous pun-
ished!" — Translation From Francis
Coppee in Romance.

Christmas Gifts.

Give by all means out of the plen-
itude of your heart and your purse. Give
wise gifts. In your own home circle
some little thing, fashioned and desig-
ned by your own hands and worked
with joyous secrecy, will give more
pleasure than anything bought in a shop.
To the poor give money, if you do it
wisely and know the recipient. To the
rich send a card or a bunch of chrys-
themums. To the children—this is a
very sweet point—give what you think
each individual boy or girl most desires.
The gun desiring boy may not hanker
after the symbol of the diluvian navy
that anchored on Ararat, and the proud
possessor of many dolls may possibly
yearn for a growling mechanical bear
or a live white mouse. Study the chil-
dren's wants. Find out what they most
wish for and then play Santa Claus to
your heart's content. —Gentlewoman.

Santa Claus Coming.

Oh, happy are the little folks,
For Christmas is most here.
Then get your stockings ready,
For now the time draws near.

Old Santa Claus is on the way.
He left home yesterday noon.
His great sleigh packed with Christmas
gifts.

He'll be here very soon.

His reindeer six are flying fast.
He cracks his whip—away
They're speeding over hill and dale.
Three cheers for Christmas day!

—Washington News.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

A Lazy Picnic Amid the Tropical Sur-
roundings of Calcutta.

The sun shines gloriously overhead.
The sky is a pale, cloudless blue, and
the foliage around us shows every shade
and tint from brown to scarlet, from the
palest to the deepest green. We saunter
along the grass under the trees beside
the avenue and find a quiet spot, with
a pool of clear water haunted by swans
before us. The ground is carpeted with
soft grass and shaded with trees. On
one side, 300 yards away, is a bank of
shrubs, with the most gorgeous variety
of coloring, from mauve and lilac to
crimson red; on the other three, cool,
restful green leaves. On such a Christ-
mas morning it is good to be alive.

Let us think of it as we shiver over
our fires in England. We spread our
rugs and coats on the ground and lie
down and smoke lazily. Presently the
Khidmeters arrive with hampers. We
do not move, for in India we have not
that irrational and idiotic notion that
a picnic is no picnic unless you wait
upon yourselves, lay your own lunch
and burn your own fingers over your
kettle. The lunch is admirable from the
solids to the fruit, from the drinks to
the ice. Nothing has been forgotten,
for once a Khidmatar has been taught
a thing he may be relied upon to do it
again with absolute exactitude on a
similar occasion till the crack of doom
unless he is idiotic.

A picnic is a complete rest, with
nothing to do save to lie still and en-
joy. No one even takes unless the spirit
moves him. For the most part we sit
quiet, drinking in the beauty of the
scene. The servants pass silently to and
fro, handing dishes, which are accept-
ed or rejected as silently. It is a waste
of energy to speak. The cool breeze fans
us gently. There are no mosquitoes. All
is peace. Last of all come the coffee
and the cigars. —Saturday Review.

Christmas Holly.

No one can tell when holly was first
used for Christmas decorating, though it
was certainly at or soon after the Chris-
tian era. Indeed it may have been long
before, for some of the traditions concern-
ing it have an appearance of antiquity
about them which cannot be ignored.
Thus it is said that holly is or was a sac-
red tree to destroy which was to insure
disease or disaster. An early legend, ordi-
nary tale, runs in this way: A youthful
hunter lost himself in a forest, and his
supplies running out he was in danger
of starving. No game could he discover,
and in the midst of his distress a
wild beast, the like of which he had
never seen before, appeared. Taken by
surprise, he seized the bough of a tree,
tore it off and prepared to defend him-
self with it. It chanced to be a holly
tree, and the moment he disfigured it
he fell to the ground and was turned
into a stone. His brother, after many
months' searching, was informed by a
friendly fairy of the mishap which had
befallen his brother, whose body he was
told would be found lying under the
bough he had torn off. A charm was
given the searcher to enable him to re-
store the headstrong youth to life, and
after a long journey the task was ac-
complished, and the two brothers were
reunited. —Selected.

Christmas Table Decorations.

In planning for Christmas festivities
the question of table decorations is of
real importance. Therefore suggestions
for a unique and artistically arranged
dinner table may be of service. The cov-
ers may be laid for as many as may be
desired. In the center have a square
bowl of holly, from the middle of which
there may rise a small Christmas tree
suitably decorated. At either end of the
table stand the candelabra, which for
this occasion should have red candles
and red shades. At each lady's place
have a corsage bouquet of bright red
flowers tied with red ribbon and for the
gentlemen boutonnieres of mistletoe.
Have suspended over the table a little
above the tree a large bell of red flow-
ers, from the top of which, reaching to
each plate, may hang red ribbons about
an inch wide, held in place by the
weight of the dinner card, which should
be perforated near the top, allowing the
end of the ribbon to pass through
and tie in a bow. On the upper side of
the card should be written the guest's
name. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Christmas at Osborne.

The royal bear's head, the baron of
beef and woodcock pie, which are indis-
pensable for a British sovereign's Christ-
mas feed, are all sent from Windsor to
Osborne ready cooked. The bear's head
is brought in in solemn state, preceded
by choir boys singing a carol as follows:

The queen's bear's head in hand I bear
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my people, be merry.
Quot estis in convivio
Caput apri deferro
Reddens laudes Domino.
Lord steward has provided this
In honor of the king of bliss,
On Christmas to be served
In Regiments Attio
Caput apri deferro
Reddens laudes Domino. —Exchange.

A Serbian Christmas Dinner.

The poorest family in Serbia will
pinch themselves all through the year
so as to have money enough to buy a
pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long
piece of wood, the pig is turned over a
blazing fire until cooked, the guests
watching the process with increasing
interest. After dinner stories are told
and songs are sung. Santa Claus, who,
in the person of an honored guest, is
present to receive instead of to give
presents, departs after the feast, decora-
ted with a long ring of cakes around
his neck and laden with such gifts as
his friends can bestow. The feasting
room is symbolically strewn with straw.
—New York Journal.

Why Santa Claus Drives Reindeers.

That Santa Claus comes with rein-
deers simply means he's interested in
the wee little fellows still in lapland.—
Philadelphia Times.



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THE GLADSTONE BAG.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY DENZIL VANE.

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A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! How I hate the conventional greeting! What associations of personal discomfort and vexation the phrase awakens in my mind! For at that festive season I, once upon a time, found myself in a very tight place indeed. My difficulties were caused not by duns or debts. Let the reader judge whether or not my misfortunes were of my own making.

I am a lawyer, and at the time of which I write briefs were neither plentiful nor profitable. The work I did was principally "devilish," and the successful man for whom I deviled caused me many a pang of envy; he was so aggressively prosperous and overworked and patronizing. Fortunately I was not quite without private means. When I compared, in calm moments, my lot with his, I was able to see just where I had the pull over him. I was young; he had left behind him many a year the "mezzo del cammin'" on the dreary highway between youth and age. I—I may say it without vanity—was quite



A MALE PASSENGER SETTLED HIMSELF.

good looking enough for comfort. To look in the glass when I shaved gave me no unpleasant feeling, rather the reverse. Towsher was short and squat of figure, red of face and going bald at top. His features were blunt and plebeian, mine distinct, and, I flatter myself, aristocratic. Towsher was married, and his wife was, like himself, middle aged and personally not well favored. I was a bachelor of the temporary and voluntary, not of the confirmed or of the off rejected, type, for I was in love, and as good as engaged to a lovely, sweet tempered Scotch lassie, whose pedigree was long, if her "tocher" was small.

We were just at the charmingest time of courtship. There was no formal engagement between us, but I had given Annie to understand that she was the one girl in the world for me, and she had somehow conveyed to me that when the time came when I should be able to tell her so I should not be refused.

I was going to spend Christmas with Annie's parents, when I got myself in the terrible fix I am about to narrate.

My destination was Argyleshire. As I sped northward on the memorable Christmas eve I felt no presentiment of the coming catastrophe. I may briefly say that I was untroubled even by jealous qualms regarding Towsher's irritating prosperity.

I left Euston by the mail train for Glasgow. Although it was Christmas eve, the carriage was not overcrowded, and I managed to secure a corner seat in a first class compartment. My luggage consisted of a Gladstone bag and a bundle of wraps. The weather was bitterly cold, threatening snow, but I made myself tolerably snug, and by the time we got to Derby snoozed off blissfully. I was dreaming of Annie's blue eyes when, some hours later, I was awakened by the opening of the carriage door and a freezing inrush of cold air.

A male passenger, well muffled in a heavy great coat, wearing a deer stalker hat well tied down over his ears, bundled in with his luggage and settled himself in the opposite corner farther from me. Until then I had had the compartment to myself. I turned round drowsily and in rather a bad temper, for my dream had been a pleasant one, and I rather objected to the threat of it being broken.

My fellow traveler's coat was flecked with snow, and when the train glided out of the station I looked out of the window near me and saw that great white flakes slanted past the pane, driven by a furious wind. The fields and stone walls were deep in snow.

"Confound it all!" I muttered to myself. The anathema included my fellow traveler, who serenely ensconced himself in his corner among his rugs and apparently fell asleep. It seemed as if he had filched from me the comfortable nap I had been enjoying, for from the moment of his intrusion sleep forsook me utterly. So I fell to watching him with a mixture of curiosity and dislike. He was young, about my own age, I thought, with good features, and clean shaven save for a slight whisker. On the floor of the carriage, close at his feet, he had deposited a Gladstone bag of about the same dimensions as my own.

"Confound him! Why didn't he get into another carriage?" I thought as I noted these details. His placid slumber was intensely irritating to me. I felt injured because he was young and well favored, because he slept while I was sleepless, because he had a Gladstone bag that was twin brother to mine, because a few flakes of snow had insinuated themselves under the carriage window. I felt a restless desire to chuck my fellow traveler and his tiresome luggage out of my compartment.

My fellow traveler seemed serenely oblivious of all the discomforts I was ill temperedly enduring. He slept soundly, as only very tired men sleep.

As I for the third time mentally contemplated him the carriage jolted up on one side, and the whole train was suddenly arrested. The whistle sounded in a shriek as if the engine yelled in anger at its defeat in the battle it had been fighting with the wind and snow. I heard a woman shriek an echo in the

next carriage and voices shouting inquiries. The line was blocked, and we were stuck fast in a gigantic drift.

Here was a cheerful outlook! I dashed down the window and put my head out. As far as I could see was a vast field of snow. The air was alive with swiftly descending flakes. Not a house was in sight. The light from the carriage windows alone illuminated the all surrounding whiteness. The blast howled like a very bad tempered evil spirit. It was a scene of unmitigated desolation.

No chance of reaching Glasgow at the appointed time! And very little chance of eating my Christmas dinner in Argyleshire.

"Surely we are not in Glasgow yet?" said a voice at my elbow.

I turned and confronted my fellow traveler. Yes, I was right; the brute had gray eyes. My fancy had not run away with me. The fellow had the impertinence to resemble me to a certain extent, but, I may add that he rather than I had reason to be flattered by the resemblance.

"At Glasgow," I retorted irritably. "No such luck; we are snowed up somewhere in the wilds of Dumfriesshire. I don't exactly know where. But nobody in this train is likely to set eyes on Glasgow for hours."

"Snowed up—good gracious me, you don't say so!" rejoined the fellow briskly. "That won't suit my book."

"Nor mine either," I grunted. "I don't suppose any one in this train wants to spend Christmas in a snowed up railway carriage. I'm hungry already," I added, with a retrospective thought of the hasty dinner I had made six or seven hours ago and a prospective longing for the splendid breakfast I had intended to make at Greenock. There was not even a biscuit or a sandwich among my traps.

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" remarked the other placidly. "Well, I mean to get out of this anyhow," he added, with sudden resolve. He seized the Gladstone bag lying nearest him and bundled out of the carriage as suddenly as he had entered it and vanished into the whirling whiteness outside. I heaved a sigh of relief.

The man must be made to face such a storm, but that was his affair, not mine, and I saw him depart without the smallest regret.

Well, not unduly to lengthen my story, the upshot of this provoking incident was that for 12 mortal hours we were shut up in the imbedded train. The stoker and one of the guards made their way with infinite difficulty to the nearest signal man's hut, only to find that the telegraph lines up and down were snapped by the furious wind. Some of the passengers had tea and wine packed in their luggage, and one Christmas hamper was ransacked and the contents cooked on a fire kindled on the snow. But what was one fat turkey and a ham among so many? Of course we fed the ladies and children first, and we did our best to keep them warm with all the rugs we could muster.

But we spent a wretched Christmas day. The snow still fell at intervals. Fortunately the wind dropped late in the afternoon. We had made out that we were 10 miles from the village of Whitecross and some 20 miles from the nearest station.

The thought of spending another night penned up in that comfortless compartment filled us with dismay. The rumor of our plight had reached Whitecross, for about 4 o'clock in the afternoon a couple of stalwart lads, with a rough pony laden with provisions, appeared upon the scene. I asked if there was any decent accommodation to be had in the village, and receiving an affirmative answer negotiated with the relieving party for the transport of my belongings thither. The snow reached our knees, but with the pleasant prospect before me of sleeping in a bed and getting something decent to eat I trudged, or rather waded, on in the wake of the lads. My Gladstone bag and bundle of rags were hoisted on the pony's back. After three or four hours' walking we got to Whitecross, and my guides deposited me at the door of a very small village public house, where they told me I could put up for the night. My clothes were soaked through with snow, but the contents of my Gladstone would afford me a change of attire, and my depressed spirits rose as I entered the Rose and Crown.

It was a queer looking little place, but the sight of a blazing fire in the parlor behind the bar made me forget the bare, sanded floor and the smell of



NOT BUILT BY MY TAILOR.

stale tobacco and beer that pervaded the air. In a trice I found myself installed in the one guest chamber the house boasted. A fire was kindled in the high old fashioned grate. Having ordered a meal to be cooked, I unstrapped my Gladstone and dragged out the first garment that came to hand—a rough short coat of Irish frieze. That coat was certainly not built by my excellent tailor. I stared at it in dull surprise. And then it was suddenly borne on me that neither the coat nor the Gladstone was mine. That wretched fellow who had traveled with me from Carlisle had made off with my property and left me in possession of a portion of his bag-

garly wardrobe. I flung the frieze coat away with an exclamation of disgust and surveyed the various items folded up in the Gladstone with something of the distaste I had felt for their owner. But I was wet to the skin and shivering like a spital. It was not a time to stand on ceremony. In five minutes I had donned a complete suit from the Gladstone bag of my unknown fellow passenger, including the despised frieze coat. Then I went down stairs and ate a very fair supper of fried ham and eggs, followed by a good jorum of excellent hot whisky toddy.

Greatly refreshed by these consolations, I returned to my chamber. The experiences of the past four and twenty hours had tired me out, and I was far too sleepy to closely examine the bag from which I had taken the warm and dry clothes I had on. As I turned into bed I wondered dreamily if my unknown benefactor was at that moment taking his ease in my garments. My unreasoning dislike of him had abated, now that he no longer vexed me with his presence and obtruded on my notice the unwelcome fact that in creating him nature had chosen to infringe my copyright by duplicating my features and figure.

My sleep that night was the sleep of a worn-out man. I did not wake until a pale thread of winter sunshine filtered in at the casement window. Then, with a start, I remembered the circumstances which had brought me thither. I sprang quickly from my bed. I looked about for my clothes and then saw that the night before I had omitted to send them to the kitchen to be dried and brushed. There they were thrown down anyhow on a chair. I could not possibly put them on, for they were still reeking with damp.

There was nothing for it but to travel on to Glasgow in the clothes I had taken from the Gladstone bag. My own garments could be properly dried and sent on to me at Tighnabruich.

I would then take steps to recover my bag and return that of my fellow traveler. Meanwhile, I argued, exchange was no robbery, and since he had made a stupid mistake in decamping with my wardrobe there was no reason why I shouldn't temporarily appropriate his.

After breakfast I went out into the village to reconnoiter. The snow was deep, but hard and crisp with frost. The wind had fallen, and the sky was blue and cloudless. On inquiry I learned that it would be possible to drive by road to a station on the line beyond the point where our unlucky train was imbedded in the drift. Gangs of workmen were, it was reported, at work on the line, which would most likely be clear by midday.

I went back to the Rose and Crown, strapped up my borrowed Gladstone, left orders with my landlady for the



transmission of my property, hired a conveyance and drove off in the direction of the nearest railway station. I arrived there in due course, and when I was seated in a compartment labeled Glasgow I congratulated myself that my disagreeable adventure was over. Alas, it was only in its first stage.

The train drew up in the Glasgow station. I gathered up my traps and stepped out of the carriage. But I had not got many paces before an individual of the easily recognized private detective type accosted me. Behind him was a colleague whose movements were accompanied by an ominous clink of metal.

"James Pennequicke, I arrest you in the queen's name," said the first man, giving me at the same time a light tap on the shoulder.

I stared at him and drew myself up to my full height.

"My name is Graham—Angus Graham of the Inner Temple," I said. "You have made a mistake, my man."

The fellow smiled in the most aggravatingly superior manner. "No mistake; you're James Pennequicke fast enough. It's not the first time we have met. Anyway I'll trouble you to go with me to the station. You'll go quietly, eh?"

"I'm hanged if I will," I retorted angrily. "I've an appointment to keep and don't mean to go fooling around at police stations. There's my card!" I fumbled in my pocket for my card-case—and my luggage to prove my identity.

"Ah, I've heard of that dodge; pasteboard is cheap, and so is printing. As for your luggage—here you, Campbell, just call a cab, will you, and we'll have a look at that down at the station. Now, will you come quietly, or must we put the bracelets on you?"

Wroth though I was, I was forced to comply. A cab was hailed; I, the two detectives, took our seats inside, and that unlucky Gladstone bag was deposited on the front seat.

"If you have arrested me for being in possession of that," I said, indicating the bag contemptuously, "I can easily give you an explanation that must secure my release from custody. The bag is not mine."

"The contents are not, anyway," retorted the detective meaningly.

"What are you hinting at? No, of course the contents aren't mine. They belong to a person who traveled with me the night before last."

"Oh, indeed. It's my duty to warn you that anything you say will be used

in evidence against you," answered the other in his stiffest Jack-in-office manner.

Seeing the fellow was hopelessly obtuse, I resolved to hold my tongue until we got to the station. There I should soon be able to set matters right. Still it was annoying that I should be in possession of property that was not mine. I racked my brain in trying to remember if the clothes I had on or those in the Gladstone had on them any name or mark to identify their rightful owner. But the effort was made in vain. Indeed I probably had not noticed whether the clothes were marked or not, for I had been too preoccupied and too fatigued to think of the matter.

At the station, in presence of the inspector, I made my statement, explaining how the Gladstone bag had come into my possession. I could see that not a word of it was believed. Then a minute description of James Pennequicke was read out, and with it my own personal appearance, I regret to say, exactly tallied. Another piece of damning evidence was that the frieze coat I wore was marked inside one of the sleeves with the initials J. P.

Worst of all, the Gladstone bag was turned out in my presence, and other articles of attire were discovered to be marked with the same letters, and to my utmost astonishment and dismay the bag itself was ripped open and found to have a false bottom. In it was concealed a mass of jewels, brooches, necklaces, rings sparkling with diamonds and other precious stones. At sight of this treasure the detective who had arrested me, his colleague Campbell and the inspector showed a profane glee.

"Better own the truth," said they all. "You are James Pennequicke, and on the night of Dec. 24 you abstracted these from Northside Hall, near Carlisle."

I asserted my innocence, declaring that until that moment I was even ignorant that the jewels were in the bag. "The fellow who went off with my Gladstone bag may have stolen the stuff," I said indignantly, "but I know nothing of it. My name is Angus Graham, and I never heard Pennequicke's name until this morning."

"So you say," remarked the detective drily, "but your description fits to a T. You're wearing clothes that belong to Pennequicke, and you are found to be in possession of stolen goods. You will be detained in custody until inquiries can be made."

And in this enlightened country I, an innocent and peaceable citizen, was marched off and consigned to a fireless cell, there to meditate on the cussedness of things in general and my own ill fortune in particular.

Can it be wondered at that I have ever since disliked Christmas and its cant phrases of hilarity and mutual good will?

In the solitude of my cell I meditated on the most advisable course of action I could adopt under the circumstances. I asked for and obtained writing materials and wrote several letters—one to Annie at Tighnabruich. She was an only daughter and motherless, so to her as my hostess that should have been addressed an apology for my non-appearance. The second letter was to Mr. Macpherson, Annie's father, an old friend of my father's. To him I wrote a detailed account of my misadventure and begged him to recommend me a respectable solicitor in Glasgow. A third letter was to a "pal" of mine at the Inner Temple, whom I entreated to come and identify me with as little delay as possible.

That done, I felt easier in my mind, and when night came, in spite of the discomfort of my surroundings, I was able to snatch a few hours' sleep.

My appearance at the police court next morning was the next incident in my tale of woe. There had been no answer to either of the letters I had sent to Tighnabruich, and to my disgust my story did not obtain the credence in court I had counted on. I was remanded for a week that further inquiries might be made.

Sullen and dispirited, I returned to my cell. Late that evening Mr. Macpherson and a friend of his, one Macgowan, a big limbed Scotchman, practicing as a solicitor in Glasgow, appeared on the scene. To them I recounted my adventure. Mr. Macpherson seemed to be immensely tickled therewith and laughed until the tears came into his eyes at the sight I presented dressed in the burglar's frieze coat. If he had not been Annie's father, I should have expressed the indignation I felt. But I put a check on myself and reminded him that my situation for the coming week would be somewhat unpleasant.

"Tut, my lad! Macgowan and I will see to that," he replied. "I'll prove that you are Angus Graham, and you shall bring an action for damages against Campbell if you like. As for the jewels, mark my words if they don't win you a friend worth having."

"What do you mean?" I asked sharply.

"Why, don't you know who lives at Northside Hall, Carlisle?"

I muttered a surly negative. "Why, old Lady Mereswell, my late wife's aunt and Annie's grandmother. She's wealthy, she's eccentric, and she's as fond of her jewels as she is of her life. Mark my words if she doesn't indemnify you for the disagreeable Christmas you have spent and reward you for saving her jewels. I shall write to her by tonight's post and tell her what you told me."

When I did obtain my liberty and at last reached Tighnabruich, I was able to think philosophically of my misadventure. My unknown double, James Pennequicke, got safely to America. Presumably he took my Gladstone bag with him. I own I should have liked to see his face when he opened it.

As for the jewels, I see them whenever my wife goes to a big reception or ball. For six months later old Lady Mereswell departed this life, and she bequeathed her jewels to Annie and a legacy of \$20,000 to me "as a mark of her sincere gratitude."

A RARE GIFT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY MAY D. ENGLE.

"Christmas eve!" soliloquized Van Wentworth, leaning back in his armchair and indolently clasping his hands behind his handsome blond head. "Christmas eve! Well, according to all that's orthodox, I ought to be feeling peaceful and good willish toward man. But I don't. Not a bit. Who does? Who but a child or a fool ever feels happy at Christmas? Not a soul. There is always the remembrance of some other happier time. Always one thinks of the vanished faces that were once so dear. Taken altogether, old Father Christmas, you're a monstrous fraud, a



"WHY, WHO?" STAMMERED VAN.

cheat, a whitened sepulcher! The whole thing is an affectation, and the world has grown too old, too sad, too hard, to keep it up longer."

He sat up and lighted the cigar between his teeth and then sank, with a sigh of comfort, into his sleepy hollow.

When next he opened his eyes, they rested on a charming girlish figure, all far clad, from the cap on her bronze gold curls to the shoes on her slender feet. The lovely face, turned toward Van, wore an expression of sternness, evidently foreign to it, as she quietly awaited his pleasure to break the silence.

"Why, who?" stammered Van, greatly startled. "What—how? Who on earth?" then making a desperate attempt at coherency, "Who are you?"

His visitor smiled with sudden, irrepressible amusement as she replied, quite as serenely as if it were an ordinary occurrence: "I am the spirit of Christmas, and very busy I am at this season, as you should know. I can ill spare the time I've been spending here, but I overheard your gross misstatements as I passed through the house, and it is my duty to bring you to a better frame of mind. The idea of a man so young giving vent to such bitter, misanthropical sentiments! Shame upon you! Are you better than the rest of mankind, with growing severity, 'that you need feel so aggrieved over your woes? Do they exceed the sum of human endurance? Whose fault is it that you are solitary?' becoming almost vituperative. 'Haven't you kept yourself to yourself and obstinately repelled all advances?'"

Van looked somewhat dazed, but the spirit kept on relentlessly: "Do you remember the pretty model you snubbed so unmercifully when she seemed to take a little interest in your affairs?" Van shrugged his shoulders dissentingly. "She wanted to flirt with me," he muttered.

"Well, what if she did?" queried the spirit, smothering a dimpling smile in its birth. "It wouldn't have hurt you. Then there was your chum, upon whom you churlishly turned your back when he came too close!"

"Yes!" grumbled Van, "because he wanted to steal my method."

The spirit gazed at him with some disgust. "And your fellow students at the art galleries, and the old porter on the first floor, your master across the river and those pleasant people you met on the Rhine last year—all these and many more would have been your friends, but you would none of them! Now you sit here and whine—yes," seeing that Van winced, "whine, because you're all alone. You deserve to be!" And the spirit stamped her foot in a very human way and gazed at him out of lovely, accusing eyes.

"But," said Van, bewildered, but never stopping to ask where she got her very accurate information, "what can I do? Tell me how I can better my lot!"

The spirit frowns. "There it is again! Why don't you ask, 'How can I better my neighbor's lot?' So long as you think only of yourself, just so long will nobody else think of you."

Van leaned back and sighed resignedly.

The sweet voice went on. "Go look up your friend. Send some remembrance to the pretty model. And the pleasant people of the Rhine are in the city. Go see them. Being strangers, doubtless they will be glad to see even you."

Van was thoroughly aroused now. "But you must stay with me," he pleaded. "I can never do all that by myself. No, don't go!" seeing her look about as if meditating flight. "You must stay. Ah, do!" turning upon her the full fire of magnetic eyes, whose power, when he chooses to exert it, the tender sex find it hard to resist. The spirit, being feminine, hesitates.

"How can I devote all my time to one mortal when I have so much to do?" she said perplexedly. "No; it is impossible! Still," marking Van's dejection, "I can help you. But no man can have two spirits, so you must rid yourself of that ugly, morose one that you have now. If you do that, I can endow you with half of my soul—the half will be large enough for a man—but the old spirit must leave first. Will you do this?"

"Gladly," said Van.

Then the spirit softly kissed his eyes, a strange lethargy stole over him, and he felt and knew nothing more till he opened his eyes again, and they fell on a figure seated comfortably opposite to him and watching him with mocking smile, a figure oddly like his own.

Van was startled for an instant, and then it grew clear to him that this was

his old soul that he had abandoned for the Christmas spirit.

"Well," he said genially, "there you are!"

"Evidently," murmured Van, "what shall I do with you?"

The soul surveyed him with the utmost nonchalance. "I think I shall just stay around here a bit with you, old man," it said airily. "It will be somewhat of a relief to move without having to take you along, body."

"Oh!" said Van in some alarm, "but that won't do! No man wants two souls going about with him. I don't need you. I've got a better one now, and I think I'll dispose of you. Tell you what," with sudden inspiration, "I'll give you to old Goltswaite. He hasn't any soul at all; sold it to the devil, they say, long since." And Van laughed contentedly. "Will that suit you?" he asked courteously.

The soul glanced at him with smiling contempt. "Well, hardly!" it sneered. "It's all very pretty to be so generous, but it is scarcely the part of a man of prudence to give himself away in any sense. And you would do it completely. Have you realized what it is you would do? Nothing more nor less than make another man a present of the entire history of your life, not only the deed, but the motive. Ha!" laughing lightly. "I touch you there, eh?"

Van gasped. "But," he said, "the motive was yours. How can I be blamed for that? Everything I've done has been at your instigation. It is all your fault."

"Yes!" mockingly. "But you pay the penalty, not I."

Van was silent with dismay. The soul glanced casually at him and smiled with satisfaction.

"No; I think you will not give me to old Goltswaite. I shouldn't care for it myself. He is too feeble to be so generous, but it is scarcely the part of a man of prudence to give himself away in any sense. And you would do it completely. Have you realized what it is you would do? Nothing more nor less than make another man a present of the entire history of your life, not only the deed, but the motive. Ha!" laughing lightly. "I touch you there, eh?"

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"No, body," resumed the soul jovially, "I'm too fond of you to leave you lightly. And why all this unfattering despair? You're used to me now. You wouldn't know how to obey any other sort of spirit. That new one of yours hasn't half my intellect. Come, let us be as we were."

But Van, with a mighty effort, flung off the depression that he knew and hated so well. "Never!" he declared. "I've done my last task for you, old fellow. If you won't go to old Goltswaite, you must wander around without a body. You can't have me. I defy you!"

"A little rash!" it chuckled. "Yes, decidedly rash. I can make it most unpleasant for you. On the whole, I think I will. It will make my dominion so much the greater when I do regain possession of you. You shall plunge into all the excesses and dissipations that I have so far only suggested to you."

Van had gradually become conscious of a strangely oppressed feeling, together with a passionate desire for sleep, but he resolutely fought it off, dreading lest the threatened conflict between his old soul and the new spirit should take place before the latter had attained sufficient strength to withstand the power-



THE SOUL GLANCED AT HIM WITH SMILING CONTEMPT.

ful old soul, in which event he knew he was doomed to a hopeless slavery, from which there would be no escape but death.

But he could no longer keep his eyelids propped open. They closed heavily, though he made a frantic endeavor to at least keep his mind clear.

Vain! Even as he so resolved he was surrounded by light clouds that stifled him. Flashes of red light played around him. The clouds grew denser.

He ceased to struggle and awaited the end with calm certainty, quite sure that he would be the old soul's captive and not routing himself to care much about the issue in either case. It seemed to him that he could actually feel the opposing forces as a heavy, deadly stupor crept upon him.

Suddenly he was revived by a rush of cold air, and the next instant Tom Russell was eagerly pulling him out of his chair, stamping out the flames on the floor, and scolding, shouting, congratulating and expostulating all at once.

"Confound it, Van!" he roared. "Up to your old tricks again, flinging your dirty rags all over the place and then calmly dropping hot ashes on 'em! Just like you! I don't believe you could stop it to save your soul!"

Van grasped his friend's hands warmly, while he said slowly, "To save my soul I wouldn't, Tom."

And to this day Tom never quite understood why Van spoke so solemnly.—*Short Stories*

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

The Miraculous Walking Stick of St. Joseph Took Root and Blossomed.

There is a legend interesting in connection with the custom of extending festivities from Christmas to Twelfth day, or Epiphany. According to tradition, St. Joseph, while passing through the town of Glastonbury, rested on a hillside. His walking stick of dry Hawthorn he thrust into the earth, when it immediately took root and the next day blossomed. Every year thereafter it blossomed on Christmas day, which was Jan. 6, old style. This thorn tree had two trunks and grew to an immense size. Many singular instances related of it obtained general credence.

Once in Queen Elizabeth's time a Puritan, hoping to root out the superstition attached to it, hewed down the larger trunk, but when he attacked the other he was miraculously prevented from accomplishing his task. His ax slipped, cutting his leg seriously, and a chip flew up and put out one of his eyes. The severed trunk lay for years attached to the earth by a mere fragment of bark, yet it grew and flourished. Even after it was taken away and thrown into a ditch it continued to blossom, while the standing trunk, all out and mangled near the roots, spread out its branches in a great circle and bloomed luxuriantly.

A long time afterward the second trunk was cut down, but the shoots from it were said to be growing in many places, each claiming to be the Glastonbury thorn. It is on record that when the change of style was made in 1763 people were greatly perplexed, wondering on what day the Glastonbury thorn would blossom. A great crowd collected on Dec. 25, N. S., and finding no blossoms watched the tree until Jan. 6, the old Christmas day, when it bloomed as usual. To allay the excitement this caused the old day was observed for awhile in many places. —New York Journal.

Christmas Greens For the Churches.

The most popular method for Christmas church decoration just now is to have a number of gothic designs in wood, which can be worked out very easily with evergreen leaves and holly, producing an excellent effect. These frames have the advantage of lasting from year to year. Wireframes of different shapes and sizes are also used to some extent and prove very desirable because of their lightness, a large cross, heart or anchor of wire frame frequently going in places where a similar article worked on wood could not be placed. The scarlet berried holly, the dark green and shining leaved ivy, green bloom pots of evergreen shrubs and the red virginian creeper have all been utilized latterly for decorating the churches. Inscriptions by means of holly berries or in colored immortelles are also made, the latter being preferred, because some of the berries used at Christmas are poisonous, and children pick them up when they fall to the ground. Very thin lines of delicate looking green are carried from side to side so as to intersect each other in squares, and the crossed trellis work thus formed is dotted with flowers. —Brooklyn Citizen.

The Holly and the Ivy.

From the earliest times green boughs have been associated as one of the outward expressions of joy, and repeatedly in the Bible do we find allusions to them, notably in Nehemiah, where we read, "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches," to make booths thereof, and "there was very great gladness." Decorations may thus be claimed as decidedly Scriptural in their origin. The popular evergreens are rosemary, bay, laurel, holly and ivy, and in folklore we have many and frequent allusions to all of these. The hellebore, or Christmas rose, and the Christmas thorn, which flowers about this season, along with laurestina and arbutus, are freely used in English decorations. A very quaint poem tells of the claims of the ivy and holly for precedence. Popular opinion places the holly inside and the ivy outside a dwelling. —Selected.

Jocular Christmas Gifts.

It will increase the joy and jollity of Christmas morning exceedingly if the children find that their elders have entered into the spirit of the time to such a degree that stockings of all conceivable sizes and shapes bulge with strange contents over the fireplace. The more amusing the gifts tucked away in toe and heel the more uproarious will be the writhing before breakfast. The old trick of wrapping a pair of cuff buttons in multitudinous papers until they form a bundle as big as a potato will never fail to excite interest and enthusiasm. A jack in the box put in the stocking of a staid father of a family has been known to cause reminiscent chuckles of glee through a whole day, and the most amusing thing that Mark Twain ever said would pale in effect before the amusement caused by the mother's drawing a cream whip from her stocking. —Exchange.

Kris Kringle In Germany.

Throughout the German fatherland prevails the belief in the Krist Kindlein, or Christ child, who rewards with gifts the faithful children who love their parents and believe in God. On Christmas eve each household assembles at dinner, and when the candles are lit the father of the family watches the shadows on the wall, for if any one should have his or her shadow obscured by that of another object that is to be unlucky. If the children sit down in odd numbers, that is also unlucky, and it will not do to fill up the number with either strangers or near relatives. Dinner being over, the children retire into a dark room and guess at the presents they are to receive. Soon the parents open the door and say, "The Christ child has visited you," upon which the children come forth to gaze upon their gift decked Christmas tree. —New York World.

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

They Were Useful to the Family, and He Saw Little of Them.

We were talking about Christmas presents, the girls and mother and I, when father came in. Then we changed the subject just a little bit, because it was father's presents we were discussing. Father sat down by the stove and rubbed his hands—he had just been out at the barn—and a queer expression slowly settled upon his features.

"Say, mother, and Ned and girls," he said, "I don't want any of you to get me any presents. Tain't no use, you know."

"Why, father," said Lena in an aggrieved voice, "we always get you useful presents, don't we? I don't myself believe in things that are not useful."

Father's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said, "but I sometimes think they are a little too useful, you know."

Nell shrugged her shoulders impatiently, but mother said: "Let father have his little joke. What is it this time, father?"

The old gentleman, having warmed his hands, settled himself back comfortably in his big chair, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, let's see," he went on in a ruminating manner. "Do you remember the dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs that you gave me last Christmas, Leny? I guess I used one on 'em just once. Some way or other," with a genial, impartial glance at the company, "Leny and Nell have been usin' of 'em, and I've been usin' of Leny and Nell's old torn ones. He, he! I don't know just how 'twas, but it's a fact. Then, Ned, do you remember the compass you got me for a birthday present last June? It was a nice little compass, and I guess a feller about your size thought so, too, for he's been usin' of it ever since. Then, let's see, there was the silk handkerchief that mother gave me at birthday, and I put it away choicelike, and the first thing I knew Leny was a-wearin' of it inside her jacket. Yes, my presents are all useful, a leetle bit too useful, mebbe. See the point, don't you?"

Father's next presents had his name written on each of them, and none of us ever again thoughtlessly used the dear old man's things. —American Agriculturist.

A Legend of the Mistletoe.

Shakespeare certainly knew of the mistletoe legends, for he speaks emphatically of "baleful mistletoe," as do other writers of his day. Among the many legends told this has no tragic feature. A prince is the hero, and he got separated from his friends while hunting. He wandered about for a long period and finally discovered a humble cottage. Here he took shelter for a time and fell in love with the occupant's lovely daughter. His identity was not suspected, and owing to his shabby appearance resulting from his long wandering he was regarded as an undesirable suitor and was summarily ejected. Broken hearted, he again resumed his apparently endless journey and at night slept under an oak tree. There a good fairy told him that a twig of mistletoe would reconcile the irate parent to the match, but it must be gathered from a hollow oak tree growing by the side of a stream opposite a peculiarly dwarfed weeping willow.

In the morning he was preparing to search for the tree, but found, to his delight, that it was evidently the one he had been sleeping under. Climbing to the topmost branches, he found the mistletoe, tore it off and descended the tree in triumph. He found the cottage without difficulty, presented his peace offering and was promptly given the young lady, with whom he returned to the palace, where he lived the remainder of his days in the usual legendary condition of bliss. The story is told in other ways, but the power of the mistletoe is enlarged upon, and the ending is always happy. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Twelfth Night In Scotland.

And at last all winds up with Twelfth Night itself, and "alms" and spiky cake are given in the daytime to all the children that come for them singing:

Hogmany, trollelay,
Give us your white bread and none of your gray.

And in the evening there are games; gay games of snap dragon, where raisins are snatched from the flames of burning brandy, and impromptu charades, and there shall be conjuring and fortune telling and riddles, and perhaps a little play will be given, and stately historical tableaux, and in their pictorial senses break and eat the Twelfth Night cake. All the little children come in, bearing a lighted taper to be stuck in the top of it. The hidden ring is found with much sport, and all drink the wassail bowl, no longer compounded of hot wines and spices, but freshly foaming cider taken through straws or the stems of new clay pipes. And then the whole company say good night, all going out separate ways, singing:

Yule's come and Yule's gone,
An' we hae feasted well.
See Jock man to his flail again,
An' Jenny to her wheel.
—St. Louis Republic.

English Bread Sauce For Fowl.

Put a cupful of bread crumbs into half a pint of milk, add a clove of garlic or a small onion left whole, a blade of mace, a lump of butter about the size of a pecan nut, pepper and salt. Let the mixture boil until it thickens to the consistency of drawn butter. The onion and mace are removed when it is put into the sauce tureen. It is much daintier and more wholesome than gravy.

Cold boiled ham is always served with roast fowl in England, and those who have so eaten it approve highly of the combination. —Chicago Record.

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He has er gif' dat's mighty fine fur yoh ez like ez not.
His reindeer is a-prancin' undahnneaf de northern stars,
An' ef de snow gits melted he kin take de cable kyars.
—Washington Star.

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Alameda.

To-night, in commemoration of the closing of the fair in aid of the new St. Joseph's Church, a special program will be offered. The week has been a fairly successful one, but it is expected to-night; that the attendance will exceed all previous records. The weather has so far been against a good attendance, yet many of the parishioners in order to show their appreciation of Father Sullivan's efforts, have braved the weather, so that taking everything into consideration, the results will be fairly satisfactory.

On Monday night, the raffling for the articles will take place. It is expected that all who have tickets out will make their settlements before then, as it is desired to close up all the transactions as soon as possible. While no program is yet announced it is probable one will be presented.

One feature of the fair, over which there is great excitement, at east among the Sunday School boys, is the contest for the model of the yacht Valkyrie, donated by the superintendent of the Episcopal Sunday school. The result is so close that it will take an official count to determine it.

The date of dedication has not yet been definitely set but it will be sometime in January. It is not improbable that the church will be dedicated in the morning, and the mission to be given by Fathers Moeller and Finnegan S. J. will commence in the evening of the day of dedication, thus making that day a doubly interesting one.

Kev. Farther Duffy, formerly of St. Patrick's parish, who but lately returned from an extended European trip, has been appointed assistant to Father Sullivan.

The Catholics of Moscow, Idaho are delighted with the prospect of having a Catholic school established in their midst.

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